

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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THE FUTURE OF INDIA

I.—THE JOINT COMMITTEE'S REPORT

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THE Joint Select Committee, on which I had the honour to serve, was appointed in the early Spring of 1933, by Resolutions of both Houses of Parliament, to consider the future government of India, and, in particular, to examine and report upon the proposals contained in Command Paper 2888 " (i.e., the document commonly known as the White Paper). It will be noticed that the terms of reference of the Committee were extraordinarily wide, and we were at liberty, should we think fit, to make entirely fresh suggestions for a solution of the Indian question.

It was a remarkable innovation in British Parliamentary procedure to set up a Joint Select Committee to consider proposals presented by the Government of the day, which had been laid before the House in the form of a White Paper before, instead of after, the introduction of the Bill itself. There were special reasons in this case, however, which led to the adoption of this unusual procedure. In the first place, the question of the future of India is perhaps the most important question which has ever been before Parliament. It is a question which, until the refusal of the Labour opposition to nominate members to serve on the Third Round Table Conference in the autumn of 1932, had, broadly speaking, never been treated as a party question, and had, consequently, been unaffected by the ebbs and flows of the will of the electorate, so destructive, in our domestic affairs, of permanence and consistency in policy.

It was eminently desirable that every effort should be made to maintain this tradition, and to reach a decision on the merits of the case. It was hoped, by setting up a Joint Select Com-

mittee, on which all parties would be represented, before the introduction of the Bill, to reach the maximum measure of agreement between the main sections of political thought in this country, and thus to reduce to the smallest possible compass open controversy on the floor of the House, concerning the principles of the Bill, in due course to be laid before it. For this reason, apart from all others, the refusal of such leaders of Right-Wing opinion as Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd to serve on the Committee was regrettable, although the Committee did, in fact, contain several representatives of their school of thought.

A further object in setting up the Joint Select Committee, prior to the introduction of the Bill, was to enable representatives of Indian opinion, who had worked with British politicians throughout the three Round Table Conferences in building up the structure of the White Paper, to continue to be associated with the enquiry in its last stage. It was realized that the ultimate sovereignty of Parliament must be respected, but it would have been undesirable to abandon, just at the moment when concrete proposals were forthcoming, the policy of co-operation which had prevailed since the summoning of the first Round Table Conference. Under the procedure adopted, Indian delegates were able to sit with us during the whole stage of the hearing of evidence, with full powers to examine witnesses who appeared before us, and thus to make all the points they wished. We found the presence, in the early stages of our enquiry, of the Indian delegates, who were drawn from British India and the Indian States, of great value; they showed wisdom and judgment in bringing to our notice the essential points which required attention. Mr. Churchill, at the conclusion of his evidence, paid a generous and much appreciated tribute to the acuteness of mind and skill in interrogation of one of the delegates.

The Committee must surely have been one of the strongest which ever sat in this country. It included the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Derby, who has not only held high office at home and abroad, but who, above all men, is entitled to speak for Lancashire and its great trading interests; three ex-Viceroy of India, of whom one has also been Lord Chief Justice of

England and another British Ambassador in Paris; two ex-Secretaries of State, of whom one has been also Foreign Secretary; two ex-Governors of Indian Presidencies, and one of an Indian Province, and two ex-Under-Secretaries of State for India. Of the other members, some have lived in India, and others have been members of the Simon Commission, or Chairmen of Committees sent to India to investigate points arising out of the Round Table Conference. The Government representatives on the Committee were the Lord Chancellor, the Foreign Secretary, the Chancellor of the Duchy, and the present Secretary of State and Under-Secretary of State for India.

The Committee was not, and was never intended to be, a judicial body in a legal sense, but to assert that it went about its task in a prejudiced manner, or that all shades of political opinion were not represented on it, is simply untrue. In fact, persons who make such a charge are going far beyond the needs of the case which they wish to establish—the unfitness of Indians for self-government. They are suggesting that Britons also, even very distinguished ones, with long records of public service, cannot be trusted to reach a fair decision on the merits of a case presented to them. One is left to wonder in whom the "Diehards" do place confidence.

The way we went to work was as follows. We heard evidence from April 1933, until the Christmas of that year, and this has been published in three bulky volumes. Soon after we had concluded the hearing of the evidence, our British Indian colleagues departed, leaving behind them an exceedingly valuable memorandum which had been signed by all the members of the Delegation except Sir Tej Saprú, who contributed one of his own. It embodied the concrete demands of that moderate realist Indian opinion which, while prepared to accept the Government's scheme in principle, yet demanded certain modifications in it. Perhaps it would not be unfair to regard it as asking for rather more than the authors had any real expectations of obtaining, but that is the way of negotiators all the world over, and not least in the East. At any rate, when we hear so much of the extreme Nationalist demand for a Constituent Assembly and the like it is well to remember that there is a body of moderate opinion in India, who have many

reasonable demands, which we have been able to go some way to meet.

When we resumed work in the New Year we went through several months of general discussion on the evidence we had heard; by the middle of June the first draft of our Report was produced. After that followed weeks of minute examination of its text, line by line, during which members of the Committee moved amendments, alike of whole paragraphs and of isolated words. It was not until October that the Committee was finally satisfied.

Our first task was to decide the general lines of the scheme which we were to recommend. The fact that the Government's scheme had been evolved from the Round Table Conferences was naturally a most important consideration; nevertheless, our method was to start from the beginning and consider all the possible alternatives. If, in the end, our investigations have led us to a scheme which, in broad outline, resembles the Government's scheme, that fact only serves to demonstrate the more strongly that such a scheme is the only practicable one. It has, moreover, the advantage of avoiding, on the one hand, the archaisms of those who would give India little or no advance; and, on the other, the rashness of the Socialist desire to grant India the entire control of her affairs without any safeguards. General Smuts recently pointed out that "this was not a case where extremist views can prevail". What was required was something practical, something "that could be the gift, not of a Party, but of the people as a whole". If the gift is to be of our nation as a whole, clearly something in the way of a compromise is necessary. Moreover, in all the evidence we heard, there was no practical constructive alternative put before us. In this regard it is particularly illuminating to turn up the evidence given by Mr. Churchill himself, which is published in the *Proceedings*.

It is common ground among almost all schools of thought that provincial autonomy, which was recommended by the Simon Report, should be introduced. Some, of course, are anxious to qualify its grant by the reservation of law and order and the judiciary. The whole question of law and order will be dealt with in a later paragraph of this article. Broadly

saying, it remains true that everyone is agreed on the necessity of introducing provincial autonomy, and I do not therefore propose to say more about it here, except to stress one point. In the past few months, attempts have been made by some, among them the Duchess of Atholl, to argue that there has been a great decrease in efficiency in those departments in the provinces which were transferred in 1921, and also to urge that insufficient evidence about these departments was heard by the Joint Select Committee. On the last-named point the members of the Committee are obviously in the best position to decide: in this connection it must be remembered that we had unpublished discussions with the Indian delegates on every aspect of the question before us; but, in any case, the Statutory Commission went carefully into the question of the transferred departments on the spot, devoted a chapter in their Report to the matter, and came to the conclusion that, on the whole, the transference of these Departments had been sufficiently successful to justify an extension of self-government in the provinces.

The big question which we had at an early stage to face was whether we could accept a scheme for federation with safeguards. It was clear that some alteration of the present Centre was in any event required, as we were setting up autonomous provinces in order to overcome the centrifugal tendencies of the units. The Statutory Commission, realizing this, had proposed a new form of Central Legislature which was to secure the centralized unity of British India. They stated, with great emphasis, that an All-India Federation was undoubtedly the ultimate ideal, but that they had not been empowered to consult the Rulers of the Indian States or ascertain the prospects of its early introduction. It was the momentous declaration of the princes at the first Round Table Conference at the end of 1930, when they declared themselves ready to enter an All-India Federation in the immediate future, provided that their interests were sufficiently protected, that completely changed the situation. There can, I think, be no question that, had this declaration been made before the Statutory Commission reported, their Report would have included proposals for an All-India Federation to be set up at once. There are no doubt great

difficulties in establishing a Federation of States governed by Princes on autocratic principles, and of democratic Provinces but this is more than offset by the danger of the friction which would ensue if no constitutional relationship were set up between British India and the States. A further argument for setting up an All-India Federation is the economic one. The States have complained for many years that there are subjects of all India concern, such as tariffs, which are at present entirely regulated by a Central Government in which they have no part and in which their interests are unrepresented; the Butler Report in 1929 recognized that the grievance was a genuine one.

There are some who say that when autonomous Provinces are being established for the first time, we ought to retain a "strong" Centre. About that there can be no two opinions but the question is in what a "strong" Centre consists. It is generally agreed by all those who have had close experience of it that the present Centre is not strong enough. An irremovable Executive is liable to be consistently attacked by a Legislature with an elected majority and considerable powers, but with no sense of responsibility, derived, as here, from the knowledge that an Opposition will itself, in due course, form the Government. In fact, the present situation cannot continue.

The Centre which we propose, in our Report, should prove infinitely stronger. There is every reason to suppose that the grant of a large measure of responsibility to the Central Legislature will smooth relations between it and the Executive and relieve the Executive from the position of being continually on the defensive.

If there is to be a line of demarcation, as all are agreed there must be, since certain departments of the Central Government have to be reserved for the present, it seemed to the Committee far better that it should be within the Central Government itself, as we propose, rather than that it should be drawn between the Provinces and the Centre. An irresponsible Centre and responsible Provinces must come into frequent opposition. Though, as our Report says, such a system "might appear at first sight to eliminate altogether the evils of dyarchy, it

real effect is rather to conceal dyarchy than to eliminate it. The actual effect would be, for instance, to reserve to the Governor-General much of the unpopular duty of taxation, while allotting to responsible Provincial Ministers the agreeable task of spending the money so raised". The Governor-General would be in a better position, moreover, to intervene in the autonomous provinces if the present Centre were retained, than he will be if Parliament adopts our proposals. It is interesting to note that no opponent of the White Paper has endeavoured to meet the dilemma which I have just stated.

Finally, there is the all-important fact that the States have said that they would only come into a Central Government if that Central Government were responsible. Equally, without the element of stability provided by the State, Central responsibility would be impossible in present circumstances. Everything therefore pointed to the creation of a responsible Central Government, such as the one we recommend, which would be strengthened by the entire reservation to the Governor-General of the departments of Defence and Foreign Affairs, and arming him with various special responsibilities and powers. It is not necessary to elaborate further the reasons which led us to recommend "Responsibility with Safeguards", since these are set forth in the Introduction to our Report, which I would advise all who are at all interested in the Indian question to study with care. It may, without undue conceit on the part of any of us who served on the Committee, be described as a model of clear reasoning and good English.

It is, however, worth pointing out the importance which the Instruments of Instructions to the Governor-General and the Governors assume under our proposals. Many of the safeguards and, in an academic sense, the very basis of the establishment of democracy itself, namely, the fact that the Governor-General is normally to be guided by the advice of his Ministers should, we suggest, be included only in the Instruments of Instruction and not in the proposed Act itself. These original Instruments would be laid before both Houses of Parliament, who would have the opportunity of making any changes in them they see fit.

Before I leave the general considerations which weighed

with us, and deal with one or two more detailed matters which are of especial interest, there is one other point on which a word or two might well be said. Our proposals are not that provincial autonomy and the Federation should be set up at one and the same time—in fact it is extremely likely that provincial autonomy will be put into operation first—but we propose that both parts of the subject shall be covered by one Act of Parliament. Against this proposal it has frequently been urged that it is very inadvisable to combine the two steps, and that Parliament should only legislate for provincial autonomy at first, and then later for changes at the Centre if provincial autonomy is seen to work. The answer is that this would cause acute friction between responsible Provinces and an irresponsible Centre, and would make any scheme unworkable. Moreover, those who say that it is wholly absurd to create the units of the Federation and weld them into federation at one and the same time are themselves ignorant of the present position. They do not realize that the Provinces, since 1921, have been themselves responsible for a great many important Departments of Government, those usually known as the transferred departments, covering a wide range of subjects, and that, in practice, even in the reserved Departments, the Provincial Executives have exercised a considerable degree of independence of the Centre. Provincial Governments are at present in no sense mere agencies of the Centre, but are already great Governments, fully conscious of their powers. The rigid demarcation of Central and Provincial subjects, and, in particular, the separation of Central and Provincial revenues, has already made provincial autonomy in many respects an accomplished fact.

I come next to the subject on which public interest in this country has been so largely focused, namely, that known as law and order.

The Committee devoted a great portion of its time to anxious consideration of this question. In the end, while recognizing that there must be a certain risk whatever we proposed, we accepted the proposal of the Simon Report that law and order in the Provinces should be transferred. It will be seen, however, that we have recommended several additional safeguards to ensure the integrity and discipline of the Police, and to

prevent Ministerial interference with the internal affairs of that Force. Speaking with considerable administrative experience of how the Police organization in India works, reinforced by personal friendship with distinguished European and Indian members of the Force, I believe these safeguards will remove the apprehensions of many past and present Indian policemen who support the transfer, but only with reservations and qualifications. We are not "handing over" the police, except in the sense that the ultimate responsibility for the task which they will have to perform will, in future, belong to Indian Ministers. Moreover, it will be seen that we have added special powers for the resumption by himself of any Department of Government which the Governor considers necessary in order to combat terrorism, and that we have visualized the possibility of this safeguard being brought into force from the very beginning in Bengal.

Let me describe very briefly the reasons which weighed with us in making these recommendations. We agreed with the Simon Commission that the subject of law and order was too closely inter-related with other subjects to reserve it separately. The execution of policy in all Departments depends in the last resort on the co-operation of the Police, and to leave the Police responsible to a different authority from the other Departments of Government could only make for constant friction, and would be a specially obnoxious form of dyarchy. Moreover, it is manifestly important that Indians should undertake the unpopularity which goes with the responsibility for law and order. Readers of the FORTNIGHTLY can realize what would happen, even in Great Britain, if Parliament, whilst allowed to criticize, had no responsibility for police administration.

There have been some who have held that at any rate the so-called Special Branch, which collects informations to combat the terrorist movement, should be reserved, but here again there was solid weight against the proposal. The work of the Special Branch is so closely inter-related with that of the Police in general, that it would be quite impossible to separate the two. Moreover, we think it is of the utmost importance to utilize Indian public opinion in combating the terrorist

menace. Had we reserved the Special Branch, the effect would have been to make the combating of terrorism a purely British affair, and to have retarded immeasurably, rather than encouraged, that growth of the sound public opinion hostile to terrorism, which has been such an encouraging feature of recent months, and the spread of which, in the long run, alone can overcome the terrorist movement. What we have done is to recommend a special, and very important, provision to ensure that records relating to intelligence about terrorist activities should remain strictly official secrets. This, according to the best expert advice available, should obviate the danger of leakage.

Another subject around which controversy has tended to rage outside the Committee in the last few months, has been the preservation of the independence of the Courts in an India which will be, to an increasing extent, self-governing. In comparison with the question of law and order, this problem appeared to us almost simple. It has always been intended that the High Court Judges shall continue to be appointed by the Crown, and to hold office during good behaviour. This proposal should, in itself, be sufficient to preserve the deservedly high reputation of the personnel of the High Courts in India. Although, mainly for administrative reasons, we propose the abrogation of the somewhat rigid rule under which, at present, one-third of the Judges of a Court must have been called to the English, Scottish or Irish Bar, and one-third be members of the I.C.S., we have made it quite clear that we contemplate that the High Courts will continue to be strengthened by personnel derived from these sources. We have also made proposals to ensure that the High Court shall have a position of independence, and the largest possible measure of freedom from political pressure. Witnesses before us also stressed the dangers of nepotism and corruption in the promotion and postings of the subordinate judiciary, especially as this would rest in the hands of a Minister who might be responsive to pressure from the members of the Legislature. As our Report puts it, "Nothing is more likely to sap the independence of a Magistrate than the knowledge that his career depends upon the favour of a Minister". To counteract this danger we

have recommended a rule that should members of the Legislature make representations about the appointment or promotion of any member of the subordinate judiciary, those representations shall *ipso facto* be sufficient to disqualify him. This is a rule which has been strictly observed for many years in the Civil Service of this country.

A great deal has been heard about the future of British trade with India if reforms on the lines of the Government's proposals were to be passed. So far as British trade *in* India goes, we have made sundry recommendations to prevent discrimination against British business and professional men, and to put trading in both countries on a reciprocal basis. But by far the larger half of the question which faced us was the question of trade *with* India and the alleged danger of the boycott of British goods and their exclusion by the imposition of unduly high tariffs.

It is sometimes forgotten that, since 1919, under what is commonly known as the Fiscal Convention, India, broadly speaking, has had the right to regulate her own tariff policy without interference from Whitehall. There can be no going back at this time of day on such an arrangement, even if it were not the indisputable fact that goodwill, and not compulsion, is, in the long run, the only possible basis for a prosperous trading relationship between the two countries. But we came to the conclusion that none the less a safeguard must be provided, if only to allay the fears which have been expressed in this country that an Indian Legislature of the future may attempt to impose restrictions on British trade, not so much with the object of fostering Indian trade, as of injuring and excluding British trade in a spirit of vindictiveness. We decided to recommend a new special responsibility of the Governor-General to prevent "measures legislative or administrative which would subject British goods imported into India from the United Kingdom to discriminatory or penal treatment". These words were intended to cover, not only direct discrimination, but also measures which, "though not discriminatory or penal in form, would be so in fact". While we do not expect that the Governor-General will have to invoke this special responsibility, and while it will not permit him to interfere

with the freedom of the Federal Government to develop its own fiscal and economic policy, yet it will provide against any vindictive legislation which may be attempted.

There is one big change from the proposals which have previously held the field since 1930 : we have abandoned the proposal that there should be direct election to the Lower House of the Federal Legislature, and recommend instead that the members of it should be elected by the members of the Provincial Assemblies. The present elected portion of the Central Legislative Assembly is chosen by direct election. The change, therefore, is one which may be represented in India as retrograde. It is, however, worth pointing out that the arguments for and against direct election are very neatly balanced, and authoritative opinion has constantly wavered between them.

The principal argument which has, in the past, been used against direct election is that in a country the size of India, unless the Assembly is to be of an unwieldy size, the constituencies must become enormous, while the number of voters for each seat would be so great, that all chance of personal contact or representation, as it is understood in the West, becomes impossible. This position would be accentuated under the extended franchise recommended by the Lothian Report. On the other hand, there are certain administrative objections to any form of indirect election which are set out in the Lothian Report. Moreover, Indians have acquired in the last thirteen years experience of direct election, and have expressed themselves emphatically in favour of its continuance. In making our final decision, two arguments may be said especially to have weighed with us. In the first place, under a form of indirect election in which the members of the Federal Assembly are elected by the members of the Provincial Assemblies, it is the units of the Federation rather than the territorial constituencies which are represented at the Centre. This is constitutionally sound. But the principal factor actuating our decision was the realization that only experience of the trend of events in India, after the institution of the new Constitution, can provide a real guide. Now, whereas if we started with indirect election it would be perfectly simple to change later to direct election, the reverse process would be out of the question.

If the recommendations of our Committee are embodied in the Bill shortly to be presented to Parliament, and become law, there is good reason to hope that they will provide the basis for a lasting agreement between the two countries. There is a large body of moderate opinion in India which will be willing to work them. A perusal of our Report should convince the majority of responsible people in Great Britain that the charges of "abdication" and "surrender", of which we have heard so much, are really no more than the glib and facile generalizations of minds which are too prejudiced, or too lazy, to study the facts. Our Report proposes a complete constitution for India. It leaves over practically nothing of major importance for later enquiry, except the one subject of the future of the Secretary of State's services, which is not to be investigated until at least five years have elapsed. We are not proposing to place any constituent powers within the constitution. Further changes, save those of a minor order, remain reserved for Acts of the Imperial Parliament, though we have provided opportunities for the Indian Legislatures to make their wishes known, and have specifically recommended that resolutions praying for revision of the size or composition of the Indian Legislatures shall be laid before Parliament.

It is to be hoped and expected that, in the words of our Report, "Parliament, in consonance with its own dignity, and with the traditions of the British people, will make the transfer generously, and in no grudging spirit". I cannot do better than conclude with another quotation, this time from a former Viceroy and ancestor of one of my colleagues on the Committee, the great Lord Lytton, who referred, as far back as 1877, to "the fundamental political mistake of supposing that we can hold India by what they call good government; that is to say, by improving the character of the ryot, strictly administering justice, and spending vast sums on irrigation".

That in itself is good policy, but something more is needed, which can only be provided by close and cordial co-partnership and inter-relationship, based on the recognition of a mutuality of interests between the two countries.

II.—THE INDIAN VIEW

BY J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

(Author of *The Tragedy of Gandhi*)

WHEN Queen Elizabeth conferred her Charter upon the East India Company, she did not pretend that England's commercial expansion would correspond with providential design. Yet many apologists in India have been anxious to portray this country as the instrument of Providence. When the Indian National Congress met for the first time, in 1885, Mr. Subramania Aiyar, one of the principal speakers, declared that "a merciful dispensation of Providence" brought India under "the domination of the great British Power". Twenty years later, when Mr. Gopalrao Krishna Gokhale founded the Servants of India Society, he stipulated that its members should "frankly accept the British connection, as ordained, in the inscrutable dispensation of Providence, for India's good". Like members of a leading Boston family, Lord Curzon presumed so easily upon his official intimacy with Providence that he was able to forbid the singing of "Onward, Christian soldiers" at his Delhi Durbar, because Sabine Baring-Gould condoned the heresy that "Kingdoms rise and wane". Nowadays a more secular temper prevails in India, and whenever a Viceroy or a Governor professes to see in the British *raj* the handiwork of Providence, some of the most devout Indians are sceptical. There is a suspicion that Aiyar and Gokhale misinterpreted the dispensations of Providence.

In the early autumn of 1930 the British attitude to Indian reform was still obscure. Neither the invitations to the Round Table Conference nor the declaration that Dominion status was the ultimate goal of British policy in India prevented a renewal of the civil disobedience movement. Indian prisons were filled almost to their saturation point. Mr. Gandhi, behind prison bars, was winning a non-violent civil war. And when an impressive array of Indian statesmen defied the taunts of Congressmen and came to London, they lived in constant dread of hearing

that some friend or kinsman had been committed to prison. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru was the cousin of Pandit Motilal Nehru, whom the hardships of incarceration were soon to bring to an untimely end. It would have been intolerable for these delegates to return to India without the substance of reform.

Yet from England, it seemed, little help could come. Conservative opinion would have set its face against the demand for Dominion status; and Indian opinion constantly stated that it could be satisfied with nothing less than Dominion status. British statesmen had no acceptable scheme. The Simon Report, published for their guidance, died the day it was born. It died because Sir John Simon and members of the Statutory Commission were not empowered to investigate the relations between the Princes and British India, though in any advance towards Dominion status the Princes must play a decisive part.

As it happened, this bankruptcy of political proposals was the Indian statesmen's opportunity. The work of all great Conferences is done behind the scenes. When Princes like the Maharajah of Bikaner and leaders of moderate opinion like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru came to London, few suspected that they had already agreed upon a common policy of action. The demand for Dominion status, once insistent, was quietly side-tracked. In its place the leaders put a far more ambitious scheme for an All-India Federation. The Princes agreed to federate; but they would only enter into a Federation in which the Federal Government was responsible to a central Legislature. Give us, said Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru virtually, responsibility at the centre: we will then agree to any reasonable limitations which you can show to be necessary in the interests both of India and of Great Britain.

Other successes attended these shock tactics. Within a few days Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru won the support of Lord Reading, and with the support of Lord Reading came also the support of the Liberal party. The onus of rejecting the scheme rested, therefore, with the Conservative delegates. Sir Samuel Hoare and his friends might have opposed the scheme vigorously; but their opposition would have brought them into conflict with the Indian Princes, hitherto regarded as the inflexible allies of the British *raj*. This was a revolutionary situation, for which the

Conservatives, like members of the other political parties in England, were not prepared. So they said that they would wait until the "picture" had been completed. In other words, they would concentrate upon the safeguards. This attitude delighted Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and his colleagues, who had already won the admission that safeguards were to exist only during a period of transition. They were ready to place a carpet-bag on the mythical Round Table and invite the British delegates to put into it all the safeguards they could devise. The Indian leaders did this with a light heart, knowing full well that there are no safeguards which an astute politician cannot surmount. It is easy to convert a carpet-bag into a waste-paper basket. Mr. de Valera has since shown the world how it can be done. The Conservatives were dragooned. They have been dragooned ever since.

It is well to review the work of the first session of the Conference thoroughly; for it was then that the delegates laid the foundations upon which rest the recommendations of the new Report. Moreover, one cardinal fact emerges—the architects of the new scheme were Indians; Englishmen were forced to play the secondary part of critics. Frequently they have been meddling critics. It is true that Englishmen were swift to recognize the advantages of the Federal scheme. Legal experts like Lord Sankey and Lord Reading were eager converts. The Prime Minister—perhaps remembering that he was once elected to be President of the Indian National Congress—offered invaluable encouragement. But Indians were the pioneers, and this fact alone emphasizes the profound difference between the new Reforms and the reforms imposed by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford. The negotiations have since suffered innumerable vicissitudes. There has been a change both in the Government and in the political complexion of the House of Commons. Princes occasionally regretted their own rare wisdom. Mr. Gandhi left London a pitiable failure, and the imposition of the communal settlement by an unwilling British Government so weakened Indian prestige that one wonders how the scheme survived the blow. Yet the essential scheme remains. Nothing has successfully destroyed the pioneer advantage of its architects. The dragooned Conservatives have been busily throwing safe-

guards into the carpet bag. Yet a glance at the new Report suggests that shrewder members of the Joint Select Committee have discovered that the carpet-bag is about to become a waste-paper basket ; for they have tried—and tried, one suspects, in vain—to give to the ribbons and festoons the quality of steel.

Such efforts, however, have only involved them in a logical absurdity. No matter how numerous or how important safeguards may be, they are necessarily subservient to the essential scheme. A Federal Government to which the Princes are committed must be a Government which those Princes can respect. A Federal Government responsible to the Legislature must have the fullest freedom consistent with the wishes, expressed or implied, of the Legislature. Otherwise, responsibility becomes a farce, and we ought not to confer upon India the travesty of self-government. We can neither govern without the consent of the governed nor impose a Constitution which the recipients refuse to work. It will not be a pleasing spectacle if the first decade of federal government in India is marked by constant friction over safeguards which have been unnecessarily imposed.

The process from the White Paper to the Report of the Joint Select Committee has been even and gradual. Former Viceroys, Governors and Secretaries of State have participated in the deliberations. The weight of authority—in the words of *The Times*—was “extraordinarily impressive”. Nearly every shade of political opinion was represented, and a dissenting (political) Lord Salisbury compensated for the wilful abstentions of Lord Lloyd, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Sir Henry Page Croft. The Archbishop of Canterbury took an active part, and so convinced his co-workers that the long line of statesmen-ecclesiastics did not end with Randall Davidson. The Englishman is happily assured that he has risen above the party view. He has even forgotten what the party view is supposed to be. He looks upon these negotiations between Indians and his own countrymen as a grand experiment in compromise, and with the Englishman compromise is a religion.

But how are these things regarded in India? Whatever slight connection Canterbury may once have had with Benares the Indian Church Measure has subsequently severed ; so we must forgive the Indian failure to appreciate the merits of archiepiscopal co-

operation. Of the part played by the "extraordinarily impressive" weight of authority Indians have, of course, rather strong views. We do not desire to retain the old form of bureaucracy in India; otherwise, few difficulties would exist. An Indian *personnel* could replace the present English *personnel* with very little effect upon the character of the bureaucracy. There are in India only thirteen hundred English civil servants and police officers. Normally more than four hundred of them are on leave. Half the remainder work at headquarters. The vast majority of Indians pass their lives without once seeing an Englishman. Who seriously pretends that the educated classes of India cannot produce young men capable of filling this small handful of posts? What satisfaction is it to hear that many young men, apparently suitable, fail at the examinations which are now imposed? Our problem in India is not one of perpetuating a foreign-made bureaucracy, but of making government responsive to, and dependent upon, intelligent and vocal Indian opinion. When Indians designed their own scheme, it seemed that this problem was about to be solved. The scheme came to life at a time when the flame of Indian Nationalism was burning at white heat. Since then, however, Englishmen have taken charge of the scheme. They found a structure having the dignity, the strength and simplicity of a Norman tower. They have superimposed a style of a strangely-decorated Gothic variety. Sir Christopher Wren as he built St. Paul's Cathedral could scarcely have been more amazed and vexed by his detractors than were the architects of the Federal scheme with the authors of the White Paper and the Report of the Joint Select Committee. Sooner or later, the decorations, of whatever variety, will have to go.

During recent years the process of Indian reform has been too placid to be healthy. The world has moved far since the first session of the Round Table Conference, and it has not been moving in the direction of democracy. There is a revolution in world leadership. Four years ago Herr Hitler was an inconvenient agitator, and Mr. de Valera a discredited idealist; Germany was a staunch supporter of the League, Russia an exile from the comity of nations, Manchuria a Chinese province; the financial crisis was still an academic conjecture, and the

United States a country led by a man who was applying ordinary remedies to an unprecedented slump. We shall never return to the world in which the Indians first propounded the Federal scheme. Many of the old bonds which still held us to the nineteenth century are broken. The twentieth century now hurls at us problems which, by the old standards of thought and action, are insoluble. Great Britain and Northern Ireland have become a Protectionist unit; the Irish Free State is committed to an experiment in economic nationalism; Canada reacts vigorously to the New Deal in the United States. The character of the Empire is changing. Meanwhile the entry of Soviet Russia into the League of Nations and the withdrawal of Japan completely transform the problem of India's defence. The attempt to retain the old order in a changing world is driving men to desperate courses. Speech itself is ceasing to be free. But the men who are clinging to the old ways of the nineteenth century fight a losing battle. India has been watching this revolution carefully. Advanced Indian opinion has always had a strong imitative strain, and it may learn as much from the New Deal as it did from the methods of revolt in Ireland and from the Soviet experiment.

Many people in England may rejoice in the belief that they have heard the last of Mr. Gandhi, the most troublesome of all the delegates who came to London. Yet Mr. Gandhi has failed not through extremism, but through a lack of sympathy with the aspirations of a younger generation of Indians. Like Mr. Redmond in Ireland, he lost touch with men about to become members of the governing generation. Gandhism may well go the way of Redmondism. The youths who once cried "Simon, go back" are about to become members of the governing generation. Seven years have passed since Sir John Simon and his colleagues set out for India, and seven years is a long time for an impatient people. There was a lag, even at the Conference, between the views of the Indian delegates and opinion in India. It is far more pronounced today. Yet it is doubtful whether members of the Joint Select Committee ever seriously considered contemporary opinion in India. Opinion, in fact, was judged to be static—as though opinion which remained static during the past four years could have any validity. Four years ago not

many Indian leaders would have quarreled seriously with the proposal to create a Federal Reserve Bank independent of political control. The financial crisis has since intervened, and one day Indian business men woke up to find that Britain had departed from the gold standard. The rupee was pegged to the pound, and at first fluctuated in a manner which the Indian authorities were unable to control. Indian fortunes were at the mercy of men in Downing Street and Threadneedle Street. It was India's severest blow since the publication of the Report of the Mesopotamian Commission. Experiments in managed currency have undermined the old canons of international finance. One day India will insist upon becoming the keeper of her own purse.

Congress has been steadily revising its own policy, and while Lord Willingdon was crushing a half-hearted civil disobedience movement, Congressmen decided to use the deadlier weapon of co-operation. They are now entering the Assembly and the Legislative Councils. Theirs is a return to the tactics once so skilfully employed by Mr. C. R. Das. They will promote only those reforms with which they are in sympathy, and if they are not strong enough to carry the majority with them, they will retaliate by hampering the work of the Government at every turn. But against such methods there is one effective remedy, and this is a forfeiture of public confidence. The mere fact that members must give an account of their activities to the electorate is an assurance that Swarajist tactics will not be consistently irresponsible. Not all opinion is enlightened, and not all opinion is extreme. We have, however, to assume that a healthy opinion—an amalgam of opinions good and bad—exists; for this is our sanction for devising new reforms at all. There are Princes who inherit a great tradition of rulership. There are communities whose leaders have long been versed in public affairs. There are the unofficial Europeans who have not hesitated to approve the new reforms. Even when Congress has gained many victories at the polls, the Federal Assembly is likely to remain a rather conservative association. The best and the most permanent of all safeguards is responsible opinion.

"The real truth", declared the Duke of Wellington, "is that the public mind cannot be brought to attend to an Indian

subject". But while this popular indifference should ensure for the new reforms a safe passage through the House of Commons, it is well to remember that statements made in a Parliamentary debate may inflict a permanent injury. There are Indians who will never forget some of the bitter things said in Parliament during the debates on the punishment meted out to General Dyer. They completely destroyed the good impression that had just been created by the King's proclamation, and became almost a prelude to India's first national experiment in civil disobedience. A few years later, when Lord Irwin issued his famous statement proclaiming Dominion status to be the goal of British policy in India and announcing a Round Table Conference, Indian opinion was undoubtedly impressed. Yet within a few days came the Parliamentary debates. There was opposition from Lord Reading, Lord Birkenhead, and Mr. Lloyd George. But what injured India's pride were the speeches of Lord Passfield and Lord Parmoor, who in their anxiety to secure a majority in the House of Lords, were almost apologetic in their defence of the viceregal statement. They had forgotten the impression their speeches would create in India. The Parliamentary debates can provide us with one more opportunity of appealing with effect to the Indian people. If we can show that our faith in the political wisdom of the new India is sincere, we may ward off many irritating controversies over the safeguards.

For very serious work lies ahead of this new India. Her population is increasing at such a rate that before thirty years have passed four hundred million people may be struggling to obtain sustenance from an impoverished Indian soil, and this will create a situation with which not even those who preach the economics of plenty will be able to deal. As it is, with the separation of Burma, India will become a food-importing country. The fate of the peasant is all-important. It may be that, in his efforts to develop the village industries, Mr. Gandhi is entering the most fruitful period of his life. Perhaps the time will come when his countrymen recognize the wisdom of his proposals for a new franchise. He spoke once at the Round Table Conference in favour of indirect elections. He expounded his *panchayat* scheme, whereby villages elect their representative, a group of

village representatives elect their district representative, and a group of district representatives elect the representative for the Legislature. Such a system both meets the Congress demand for adult suffrage and bases it upon the needs of the village communities. It is clear that the present communal franchise cannot endure for ever. A franchise so revised might bring to the front both men capable of dealing with the vexed problem of the peasants' indebtedness and men who do not fear to alter the indefensible landlord system in the *zemindari* districts. So great are these difficulties, so desirable is the capacity for statesmanlike and courageous improvisation, that one readily withholds sympathy from those whose favourite metaphor is that of "applying the brakes". The Indian leaders have an up-hill task. They need good horse-power rather than good brakes. Assuredly these problems could never have been solved under the present regime. India is swiftly becoming a rural slum. From this fate only her own leaders can save her. And they must be given freedom to act quickly. Very soon it will be too late to rescue India from her doom, and men will look in vain for yet another "merciful dispensation of Providence".

RADIO UNDER FIRE

BY HARRISON BROWN

IT seems an invariable rule that an article on radio should begin with what is known in vulgar parlance as a "bromide".

Even the late William Bolitho followed this custom, though as usual he made it palatable. "Our age", he wrote, "which is cursed with inhuman savagery and want, also allows us super-human pleasures", and proceeds to sing a pæan in praise of those "ennobling wires" which for years made the roofs of cities look like a village deserted on the eve of washing day.

Today the pæans sung in praise of radio tend to be less rhapsodical—when, of course, they are not subsidized by self-interest. Another "inestimable blessing" has fallen upon humanity and, like all those that are not fought for, has been absorbed but not digested. And as with so many other revolutions in our habits introduced by the machine, men begin to wonder if the new phenomenon is a step towards their heaven or another landmark on the road to hell. They well may wonder, it is all up to them.

In Britain there is occasional criticism of programme details in Parliament and elsewhere, but, on the whole, general satisfaction with the fare provided. In Germany reports say that Dr. Goebbels has killed the radio. In view of the use to which the Nazi Government puts it, that is undoubtedly the best thing he could do to it. From the United States there have been rumours of "listeners' revolts", of Federal enquiries and hints of Government control. For us the controversy centres on the rival advantages of a State-controlled monopoly or a free commercialised system. The former is a means of selling or controlling ideas, the second a method of selling goods. Both systems attract the consumer by the bait of entertainment.

As usual, the Americans have been both more open and more energetic in pursuance of their enquiries. One speaker at the

annual convention of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, recently held in Chicago, roundly declared that "radio as at present constituted has driven away all persistent listeners except the morons". To which another speaker replied that in the United States "broadcasters in their own interests must try to give listeners what they want. In European countries broadcasters produce what the Government believes the listeners should have". In the post-debate discussion no speaker advocated Government control, the majority proposed stimulation of better programmes under the existing system.

It would appear from this that the extent of the listeners' revolt has been exaggerated. Whilst all are agreed that the system as at present operated calls for extensive reform, it can be definitely said that there will be no new legislation involving control. The reforming groups in America appear to have given up demanding nationalization or state control. It is impossible to say whether this change of front is due to conviction, or to discouragement prompted by President Roosevelt's reference to radio's "stimulation of buying power and its assistance to commerce generally", in his message to the Cincinnati convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in September. It was, however, Dr. Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, who advised: "do nothing that will freeze control of radio in any specific form".

The attitude of the average Englishman to a commercialised system, though unimportant since no change is envisaged here, is nevertheless a tribute to the subtle propagandist methods of the B.B.C. It seems to be universally believed that, in America, one cannot turn on a radio without having soap or tooth paste rubbed into one's ears. And to people whose eyes are assailed at every corner by the rival claims of bottled refreshment, this seems obnoxious, even though they, too, can hear their native products advertised to them from France. To Americans the distinction is less noticeable. Criticism lies rather in the degree and form of advertising than of advertising itself. That it has reached a stage where the industry itself goes to expense and trouble to collect it, shows it to be a healthy form of criticism. There is too much blatancy and too much selling talk, and too much "scrappiness" in the programmes in consequence. These

re points which can be remedied, and will be, since the air costs money, and in radio advertisers have an instrument which can annoy as well as please their potential customers.

Listeners do not want a lot of guff about a vacuum cleaner, but they are ready to associate its name with a good musical programme or a favourite comedian. That the United States is at least as wedded to commercial broadcasting as we are to our system is proved by the success of the advertising itself. Whereas in 1932 some \$39,000,000 was spent for time on the air, this present radio year is already spoken of as possibly reaching a hundred million dollars.

Fourteen years ago to the month, the first broadcasting station was established by the Westinghouse Company at Pittsburgh. In 1932 there were already over 16 million sets in operation in families, out of a world total of some 25 millions. This means a potential radio audience of at least 50 million people, and may be accepted as proof that commercial broadcasting will last in America as long as capitalism! The latest convert is Henry Ford who, until recently, fought shy of radio advertising. In October of this year he spent \$57,700 weekly on time alone in broadcasting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and the famous Fred Waring Band. Both these programmes, and their guest artists, are expensive in themselves—the band is said to receive \$10,000 a broadcast. Such sums make the £10 a minute look small which the B.B.C. recently paid for a "crooner". They reduce European fees for cultural features to microscopic proportions.

So much for the selling of products. But broadcasting has other functions: entertainment, information, education. In regard to the first of these especially no adequate comparison between the two systems is really possible, since the difference in national tastes may be almost as great as that between individuals. It may be said in favour of the commercialised system that the stimulus to seek variety is probably greater. Whether it be that American humour is more adapted to radio transmission, or that British minds are slower in the uptake, the fact remains that humorous items appear to "get over" better in the United States than they do here. With the exception of a few leading comedians, however, humorous skits are more

popular than single-turn comics, there as here. But British radio has produced no regular feature to equal Amos and Andy, either in humour or in popularity.

In music the best of America is the equal of anything in Europe, and everywhere there is much rubbish. But in this the B.B.C. system is much to be preferred, since a good musical programme deserves at least an hour, and that is not always to be had under commercialised broadcasting. Proof of the interest roused by the best music, however, and therefore of the fact that not all programmes are "scrappy", is shown by the voluntary contribution of over £13,000 recently made by listeners to the guarantee fund for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society. It does not often occur that a Beethoven Sonata is cut off before the end because the air had been sold next minute. But it has happened, and it is infuriating. Probably if the advertiser knew just how infuriating it is, he would prefer to let the sonata end before he began his patter. But such an arrangement would be hard to contract for!

In the distribution of news, radio everywhere faces one of its most difficult and controversial problems. In no country is the present service considered satisfactory, everywhere radio trails the newspapers instead of setting the pace. To a large extent this is probably inevitable, certainly it is so while the Radio Corporations have no news-collecting agencies of their own and so long as the present semi-war conditions between Press and radio continue. The first solution would mean considerable expense for duplicating work already done by the larger press agencies, but it seems likely to be done. In the state of jealous rivalry between Press and radio "private initiative" carries childishness to extremes, and the responsibility for it lies chiefly with the Press.

The B.B.C. appears to have reached a *modus vivendi* with the press agencies at the expense of its news bulletins, which are as dull as the "depressions south of Iceland" so monotonously announced. For the town-dweller the bulletins never provide more than a repetition of his evening paper, sometimes even of the lunch edition, but delivered without the verve of the headliner. The regularity with which family after family tunes in each night to catch the news, and tunes out again with grunts of

disappointment, is touching evidence of that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.

One thing news bulletins must emphatically be free from, and that is any attempt at interpretation. This elementary fact does not seem to be appreciated in all quarters. A contributor on this subject to the recent Broadcasting Supplement of *The Times* reached the astonishing conclusion that "there is certainly room for a more ambitious attempt to interpret events and tendencies in relation to one another and to the general progress of mankind". This is apparently the line now being adopted by Broadcasting House, with results which are often tendentious. If it is to be persisted in, then there is also "certainly room" for demanding that the credentials of the "interpreter" shall first be approved by Parliament in open debate.

In the United States the rivalry between the two mediums of news distribution has been more acute than elsewhere, even going to the length of threats by the newspapers to refuse to print radio programmes. It is natural that the antagonism should be greater under a commercialised system than under the British system, for under the former the real cause of the jealousy is justified. The radio in America now takes an enormous percentage of the total sum spent in advertising. The Press quite naturally assumes that this total sum is limited and that therefore, to some extent and above all in times of crisis, what the radio gains they lose.

It is in the cultural field that radio can be of most lasting benefit or may prove the greatest menace, and here the B.B.C. is far ahead of any commercial system. The attitude of the latter may be likened to that of the late Lord Brentford on novels, which must not offend the mind of the smallest child amongst us. Similarly, though for another reason, a commercial system aims at almost the lowest common denominator of human intelligence. In the words of a president of one of the American companies, "in broadcasting we are dealing with a mass message, and the material delivered must be suitable for mass consumption". This is the language of salesmanship. The necessity of conforming to it, coupled with the constant protests of educational institutions and the accusations of vulgarity from intellectuals, makes the lot of educational

directors under a commercial system an extremely hard one.

Whilst there is nothing in the United States to equal the steady stream of first-class scientific and "serious" talks provided by the B.B.C. and reprinted in *The Listener*; and whilst, also, the American definition of what constitutes an educational programme may seem elastic, it is entirely erroneous to suppose that American programmes have no cultural value. But where profit is the main objective, culture must always suffer from restriction. American radio is no exception to this rule.

That "radio is primarily a means of entertainment" is not solely an American opinion. It is probably the opinion of the majority in every country, and only a protected monopoly can dare freely to take liberties with it. That the B.B.C. does so and thus follows a course of restrained but compulsory "uplift" is considered by many of us a matter for congratulation. It may be noted, however, as the only instance where the American tendency to precede custom by legislation and "force people to be good", is to some extent openly approved in this country.

In the long run it will probably be seen that a people gets the radio it deserves, but there can be no doubt that such a system of open commercial competition as the American, places a heavy handicap on the use of the new instrument as a means of raising the general level of taste and intelligence. As things are, almost the only efforts to consider this angle, apart from some forty stations licensed by educational institutions themselves, are made by the two great networks of Columbia and the National Broadcasting companies. Extensive as are the fields of these two systems, they own only a fraction of the 600 stations broadcasting in the States, and they cannot force programmes on other stations in their networks. In the circumstances, if local stations can sell their time they will naturally prefer to do so, rather than take "sustaining" features for the benefit of a minority.

In view of the general impression in this country that commercialisation spells ballyhoo and ballyhoo only, it is interesting to note that Columbia's "American School of the Air" was first broadcast as a "sponsored" programme, the advertiser agreeing to limit his commercial announcement to a twenty-five-word statement. The trial was thrice weekly for fifteen weeks over forty-five stations. It was highly successful, and for the part

Four years Columbia has run the school itself, recently over an eighty-six-station network from coast to coast. The subjects are supervised by eminent authorities, and the programmes prepared as far as possible in accordance with the general school curricula and arranged for different grades. Fifty thousand copies of a Teacher's Manual outlining the scheduled broadcasts are distributed free to teachers. When it is remembered that the Federal Radio Commission has laid it down that "advertising must be accepted as the sole means of support for broadcasting", the above record at least indicates that the oft-repeated claim of the larger companies, that they are trying to raise the cultural level, is not an empty one.

During the past few years time has been presented by these larger companies to lectures organized with a view to adult education by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education. Some, but not all, of these programmes have been successful, even with the minority for which they cater. It is largely a question of technique, and the comment of a recent American editorial applies everywhere: "If some inspired Platonist could make logic as entertaining as Gracie Allen makes lunacy, educators would not have to demand time on the air. The broadcasters would come running after them."

The whole question of radio in education is experimental, and obviously requires the greatest care. When Sir Walford Davies or Miss Rhoda Power, or one of the B.B.C.'s other teachers begins the school hour, thousands of children reply unheard "good afternoon". It is amusing to hear them, and still more to watch the concentration on their faces as the unseen teacher proceeds. But nothing brings home more forcibly the immense power of the radio than the thought of thousands of small persons going through identical actions and mental processes at the behest of an individual who may be hundreds of miles away. It is, of course, only alarming in its implications. The most convinced individualist must admit that a large amount of the A B C of living may well be dealt with through the loud-speaker. For better or worse it is now a normal event in many countries. In Britain some 4,000 schools and over 200,000 pupils receive some daily education in this way.

That the practice must tend to develop susceptibility to mass

suggestion seems inevitable. Critics both in and outside the borders of the United States speak of our "spoon-fed civilization". They point to the power of advertising to hypnotize women into ruining their complexions with cosmetics of violent colour, or into overloading their own and their families' stomachs with an incredible quantity of breakfast foods. But the power of creating the habit of mind of which such things are symptoms is inevitably latent in the microphone.

I am reminded of a story which was current in Berlin a few years ago. A business man of some importance complained of the early hours he was obliged to keep in order to do his gymnastic exercises. "But why", enquired his friend, "don't you get up later and do them without the radio? You know them by heart". "Ah, yes", replied the tired one; "but if I did that I should miss the inspiration of knowing that thousands of others were doing the same thing at the same moment as myself".

It is greatly to the credit of the B.B.C. that its Educational Department and its talented staff of teachers seem to realize the necessity for avoiding just such "inspiration". In some of its history lessons especially, the ingenious introduction of sound effects and impersonation seem well designed to stimulate each mind, according to its experience and degree of imagination. A more serious danger is opened up when we find Dr. Robert Bridges asking that "our Educational Authorities should use this means to flood our primary schools with spiritual teaching". That seemingly innocent request is dynamite in a poetic wrapping. Great teachers are rare, and to the majority "spiritual" teaching can only consist in a re-hash of the moral codes which they themselves imbibed at an early age. There are many today who would consider the teaching of much of such codes to be a perversion of their children's minds. It would seem that the present state of the world might well justify some doubt, above all in the mind of a poet, as to the efficacy of the moral codes of previous generations.

But there is another function of broadcasting as yet unmentioned, and another type of news than that of the factual bulletin. That function is the preservation of human liberty in the form of free speech, and the type of news the adequate discussion of

those subjects which, though perhaps not in the headlines, are everybody's mind. In this respect the B.B.C. has recently exposed itself to the strongest censure and fallen far behind the American system.

One of the points on which the B.B.C. has always shown itself to be most sensitive to criticism has been anything pertaining to its duties as a "guardian of democracy".

Great responsibility has always rested with the chief officers of the Corporation, especially since the withdrawal in 1928 of the ban on controversial broadcasting. To all intents and purposes the B.B.C. is a State-controlled institution. The control, of course, is exercised in that subtle but effective manner peculiar to this country; so subtle that it even permits rhetorical denial that control exists, yet so effective that specific broadcasts can and have been prevented by the Postmaster-General. To clinch this matter of control in any case, the money the Corporation earns goes to the Government in the price of licences issued. The B.B.C. then receives from the Government a grant, which with the sale of its publications, comprise its income. The conduct of its affairs is therefore subject for debate in Parliament, and sometimes, though all too rarely, has been.

In such circumstances it is inevitable that there should have been criticisms of political bias. It is unfair but not unnatural that the Government of the day should have chief say. On the whole, it is creditable that there have not been more glaring cases for criticism in this respect than have arisen.

If the principle of monopoly be accepted, it is also inevitable that the way be left wide open for a Government stranglehold in time of crisis. What is intolerable, however, is the suggestion of insidious colouring of the B.B.C.'s activities by appointees of whom the country as a whole is ignorant.

In the United States the Senate Commission of Inquiry into Arms Manufacture received considerable advertisement from the radio stations, as befitted a subject so closely concerning the lives and incomes of all citizens. The Chairman of the Commission, Senator Nye, has broadcast several times about it over wide hook-ups, and there have been many debates staged in different parts of the country.

At the beginning of the Inquiry especially, a large amount of

publicity was given to it by the British Press. Broadcasting House remained silent upon the theme, however, notwithstanding the publication of such statements as that, for every submarine built by Vickers for the British Navy, an American concern received \$100,000. Apparently the only reference to the Inquiry made over British air was an indirect one by Dr. Inge in the course of a talk on the causes of war. "I put aside the alleged malignant influence of armament firms. The shareholders in these companies are mostly small investors with several irons in the fire. They have no interest in promoting war, they are not more wicked than other people and they have no influence in politics." Since Dr. Inge can scarcely be accused of *naïveté*, we must conclude he does not read the papers.

There, however, was an opinion, honestly expressed. The B.B.C. prides itself on its skill in balancing controversy; one awaited another view. The opportunity came within a fortnight, and in the same series of talks, when Professor J. B. S. Haldane was asked to give his views. That talk has since been published, it was never given on the air, the B.B.C. censored it, and it is safe to say that they never censored a talk more suitable for the public to hear at such a time as the present.

We have here, in this contrast of treatment of a vital subject by the B.B.C. and by the much-abused competitive commercial system, a glaring instance of an intolerable danger in the former. Mr. H. G. Wells has done the country great service in cancelling his own talk as a protest against Professor Haldane's treatment, and thereby drawing still more attention to it. So much criticism has been aroused that the B.B.C. has been forced to issue an "explanation" of its conduct, an undignified and fatuous explanation be it said.

The banning of this talk is the more astonishing in that, by doing it, the B.B.C. exposes itself deliberately to certain suspicions, now being freely uttered.

This is no personal question. Here is a case upon which the British radio system has definitely fallen and betrayed its trust. We have been told that the encouragement of the critical mind is an aim of radio. We must now assume that, as under Goebbels, we may possess such minds, on condition that we do not use them.

LIMITATION OF NAVIES

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

THE naval conversations between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, which began in London last summer and were resumed in October, have already produced a concrete, if negative, result. They have sounded the death-bell of the Washington-London limitation treaties, which are now doomed to expire on December 31, 1936. Although Japan took the responsibility for this decisive step, she is known to enjoy the moral support of France and Italy, to both of which the treaties had become increasingly irksome. Unless, therefore, some development not yet foreseen occurs in the near future, the ratio system of controlling relative strength at sea may be regarded as dead.

Whatever the advantages of this system may be, they are apparent only to those at the head of the scale. When first introduced at the Washington Conference in 1921 the ratio formula was accepted by all parties as a convenient but provisional solution of their respective naval problems. It was, in fact, a makeshift; no one at that date, with the possible exception of the United States which had devised the plan, regarded it as a permanent arrangement. Briefly, it specified tonnage allotments in the ratio of 5-5 for the British Empire and the United States, 3 for Japan, and 1.75 for France and Italy. There was no pretence that these figures bore the remotest relation to the actual defensive requirements of the Powers. Then, as now, the two countries least exposed to naval attack were the United States and Japan. By far the most vulnerable of all was the British Empire, which still remains the only major Power that could be subdued in the space of weeks by severance of its sea communications, though France and Italy also are exposed to the deadly rigours of blockade.

Before examining the naval problem in its international aspect it seems desirable to approach the question from a purely British point of view. This procedure may be old-fashioned, but no apology is offered for following it here. The chief concern of practical citizens who wish their country well is to determine how far covenants entered into with other nations for the regulation of armaments affect the security of their own land. That is the angle from which every good American, Japanese, Frenchman and Italian views the naval treaties. Only in Great Britain is there a tendency to subordinate national to international interests. The pendulum, however, is swinging back. Recent events in Europe and further afield have forced all save the most incorrigible of British idealists to admit the necessity for putting our defences in order. The growing demand for equality in air power is a portent of the times.

For Britain and the British Empire the experiment of naval limitation by treaty has proved a very qualified success. We are much weaker at sea, both relatively and absolutely, than we were before the experiment was tried. The supremacy we enjoyed in 1921-22 has gone. Our navy is supposed to be equal to that of the United States, and on paper it may seem so. Actually, however, the United States has a battle fleet numerically equal to ours, but more up to date; a considerable lead in modern cruisers—350,000 tons as compared with our 268,400 tons; a larger aircraft-carrier fleet, not to mention a 6 to 1 superiority in naval aircraft; a greater reserve of destroyers, and 30,000 more officers and men. How are these figures to be reconciled with the "parity" which is the official basis of our naval policy?

If the United States navy stood alone its formidable strength need cause us little concern since, quite apart from sentiment, there are political reasons which definitely exclude the United States from our list of potential enemies. Unfortunately, however, active naval preparations in one quarter inevitably provoke reactions in another. Japan keeps a vigilant watch on American fleet expansion, and does her utmost to maintain the balance by enlarging her own forces. Between France and Italy, too, naval building rivalry has become so obvious that it can no longer be camouflaged. Consequently, although we may not be the objective of this worldwide development of naval armament

is seriously affecting our relative position, and it is therefore untrue to say, as has been said, that we can regard the American building programme now in train with entire composure.

Much as we may sympathize with the desire of the United States to consolidate her strategic position in the Pacific and, incidentally, to exalt her prestige by becoming the premier naval power, we cannot be expected to applaud a policy that not only encourages Japan progressively to augment her own armaments, but seems to be inciting her to militant nationalism. The Western seaboard of the United States is less exposed to attack than Australasia, and, unlike the United States, we have valuable properties lying well within striking range of the Japanese fleet. Elementary prudence should counsel us against taking sides in a naval competition between the United States and Japan. What we must do, however, is to see that the British fleet does not become a negligible factor in the Pacific.

In seeking to determine what the strength of the British Navy ought to be, we are confronted by one obvious difficulty. From 1904 to 1914 we were forced to recognize Germany as our most probable foe, and thus had a standard ready to hand. So long as we maintained in the North Sea a certain margin of fighting tonnage in excess of Germany's we were assured of reasonable security. Further, in those days the touchstone of naval strength was still the Dreadnought battleship, for the powers of the submarine were untested and the air arm was in its early infancy.

Today the problem is not so simple. Who could forecast the decisive strategic area in which the British fleet may have to engage in war? It may be the Channel, or the Mediterranean, or the China Seas; anywhere, in fact, except the North Atlantic. And how is relative strength to be measured? Is the battleship still the predominant factor, or should we concentrate on the building of cruisers, submarines, and aircraft-carriers?

For the time being the dimensions of our Navy are regulated by a "yardstick" which is not British, but American in origin. Like at the Washington and the London Conference the United States took the initiative and prescribed limits of tonnage in each category of man-of-war, those limits conforming to what her Admirals deemed necessary for American requirements. For

good or ill we accepted this purely American plan with certain trivial modifications. Hence the anomaly that British naval strength is now governed by an American formula; that the sea defences of a widely scattered commonwealth, whose communications extend over 80,000 miles, have been made to conform to those of a self-contained community which is separated by the width of oceans from the nearest potential aggressor, and to whom control of its sea routes is not a condition precedent of national existence. Our naval policy has, indeed, been drawn into a vicious circle from which it will be difficult to escape.

American naval aims are comparatively clear-cut. They postulate a fleet strong enough, on the one hand, to intervene in the Far East in defence of the "open door", and on the other to ensure respect for American neutrality—including the right to trade with belligerents—in the event of war in Europe. There is nothing culpable in either aim, and if we were in the fortunate geographical, strategical, and economic position of the United States, we should probably pursue the same course. As it is, our situation is fundamentally different.

Let us examine the differences a little more closely and begin with the battleship ratio. The U.S. Navy Department has decided that a campaign in the Far East would necessitate a minimum force of fifteen battleships to Japan's nine. This ratio, which was very carefully worked out, provides for the contingency of several American ships being sunk or disabled while crossing the Pacific to the war zone. To render them less liable to disablement they must be very large, heavily armoured and well-protected below the water line. These conditions, it has been decided, necessitate a displacement of not less than 35,000 tons. As a result the American delegates at Washington in 1921, and at London in 1930, proposed for their country and the British Empire respectively a minimum force of fifteen 35,000-ton battleships and nine for Japan. They are tenaciously upholding the same figure at the conversations now proceeding in London, and, as on former occasions, turning a deaf ear to counter-proposals—backed by Britain, France, and Japan—for reducing the size, and thereby the cost, of future capital ships.

Again it must be emphasized that the United States, in taking

this attitude, is absolutely justified on grounds of national defence, and therefore of national expediency. In other words, Americans are putting the interests of their own country first. So shall blame them for that?

But now let us turn to what Great Britain's programme might have been had the initiative rested with her, and had her ruling authorities made her safety the prime consideration. She would doubtless have specified a minimum fleet of not less than twenty battleships, but would have restricted them to 25,000 tons. This would have enabled her to organize two battle-fleets, one, the stronger, available in an emergency for despatch to any quarter of the globe where our interests were threatened, the other just powerful enough to keep the ring in European waters. For whereas the United States might with a tranquil mind concentrate the whole of its capital ships in the Pacific, it is difficult to imagine any circumstances in which Great Britain could strip the Home and Mediterranean stations of battleship support. Even in the Great War, when Germany was the only naval enemy that seriously counted, and the North Sea the decisive arena, we were compelled to maintain a complete battle-fleet in the Mediterranean, not to mention cruiser squadrons at sensitive points in more distant seas.

Turning to cruisers we find the same discrepancy between American and British requirements, yet here also our policy has been adjusted to suit the American formula. American experts, still thinking mainly in terms of a Far Eastern campaign, demand very large and heavily armed cruisers competent to cross the Pacific and maintain themselves in enemy waters. Very different is the British conception of the cruiser and its functions. These ships, in our view, are primarily guardians of trade. Seaworthiness, a fair steaming endurance, and an armament strong enough to deal either with opponents of their own type or with auxiliary raiders such as the *Möwe* or *Wolf* are the essentials, and these can be embodied in a ship of 7,000 tons with six-inch guns. Numbers rather than big displacement and heavy armament are what the British Empire needs in regard to cruisers. But once again we have been forced—or, let us say, have found it politically expedient—to defer to American ideas on cruiser policy. We have agreed to limit our cruiser fleet to fifty vessels—

a figure that is positively absurd in view of the requirements of any imaginable future war—and because the American penchant for overgrown cruisers is leading other Powers to build such vessels we ourselves have been driven to enlarge our new ships from 7,000 to 9,000 tons. When announcing this change twelve months ago the First Lord of the Admiralty referred to the “very serious dilemma” in which his department had been placed inferentially by the action of the British Government in accepting the one-sided cruiser disabilities imposed on this country at the London Conference.

Finally, the destroyer and submarine tonnage ratios now in force are patently inadequate for our needs, and, worst of all, they are not binding on either France or Italy, both of which retain complete liberty in the multiplication of light surface craft and submarines. It is a noteworthy fact that in the last ten years three foreign submarines have been launched for every British destroyer. On the outbreak of war, in August 1914, Germany had twenty-eight submarines ready for immediate service. Today France has three times and Japan and Italy more than twice this number of submarines available, and individually their boats are much larger and more formidable than the German U-boat of 1914. Conversely the British destroyer flotilla is barely one-third as numerous as it was in 1914. On no rational grounds of high policy can this extraordinary shrinkage of Britain's defensive naval power be justified.

It is not enough to argue that neither France nor Italy nor Japan is a probable opponent of the future. The business of British statesmen is to see that the Empire is made reasonably secure against aggression from any and every quarter, especially at a time when our position, both as one of the senior partners of the European community and as a member of the League of Nations, compels us to intervene in foreign political matters some of which have all the explosive elements of a powder magazine.

Whether it lies within the competence of British statescraft to evade the no doubt benevolent dictatorship of the United States in respect of naval policy will be demonstrated at next year's Naval Conference. Japan, as we have seen, has already hoisted the standard of revolt. She professes to consider the 5-5-3 ratio

a stigma bearing the implication of inferiority in the council of nations. If that be so, what is likely to be the attitude of France, whose fleet stands to the British and American fleets in the humble ratio of less than 2-5? Italy, too, with her newly-born national consciousness, will hardly be disposed to accept definitely a formula that labels her a Power whose maritime importance is little more than half as great as Japan's. Since the ratio system, in its present form at least, completely ignores national psychology, its demise is a foregone conclusion. Pride of race is one of the imponderables which cannot safely be ignored.

The prospects of a successful outcome for the 1935 Conference are far from bright. Indeed, at the middle of last month those who had been following most closely the preliminary naval talks in London had begun to doubt whether the Conference would be held at all. To summon it without having previously reached some form of agreement on basic principles would be an act of variance with sound statesmanship. In so far as the London conversations were meant to clear away obstacles they have, so far, definitely failed. There is palpable disagreement, not merely on secondary issues—*e.g.* the unit tonnage and gun-calibre of future ships—but on fundamental questions of policy. Japan has notified her resolve to denounce the existing treaties, and, as her delegates point out, public opinion in their country would not tolerate any retreat from that position. Despatches from Washington, clearly inspired, reflect the official American view that the British Government's duty is to back the United States at all costs. There is much talk—rather belated, it is true—of the necessity of maintaining a united Anglo-American front to the Japanese demands, but this argument is weakened by the fact that at previous conferences Great Britain's claim to a standard of naval strength which would have enabled her to defend herself in Europe while helping to uphold the balance of power in the Far East was chiefly resisted by the United States. From now on, it is to be hoped, our statesmen will take the defensive requirements of the Empire as their sole guide when considering new international engagements. Their most difficult and delicate task will be to persuade the United States that adherence to a purely American formula of relative strength at

sea is not in the best interests of either country. After a trial of twelve years the failure of the experiment is now manifest. It has not improved Anglo-American relations—a vitally important consideration—nor has it contributed to the political appeasement of the world at large. Japan is restive to what her critics consider to be the point of truculence. As for France and Italy, most of the restraining clauses of the Washington Treaty have for long been a dead letter, though each has scrupulously observed the only rules to which their respective navies are subject, namely, those governing the strength of their battleship fleets.

The writer is not among those bold spirits who urge the scrapping of all armament limitation covenants and a return to the good old days when each nation built what warships it wanted without asking leave of neighbours. In principle the limitation system is sound. To discard it in a fit of peevishness would be madness. It is not the system that is at fault, but the methods by which hitherto it has been applied. If one may venture upon a mild word of remonstrance to our American friends, it would be to point out the unreasonableness of treating the 5-5-3 ratio like the laws of the Medes and Persians. To invest a political expedient, devised to meet a special but transient set of circumstances, with the sanctity of a religious creed is surely irrational.

Even if Japan had not taken the initiative in denouncing this formula, its repudiation by France and Italy would have been only a question of time. Obviously, therefore, the task of the statesmen is not to tinker with a discredited makeshift, but to evolve something to take its place, something sounder in conception and structure and therefore more likely to be permanent. An alternative is not far to seek. Consistently advocated by France and Italy, and now demanded by Japan, it is merely the substitution of "categorical ratios" by a formula of "global tonnage". As this jargon may puzzle those who have not followed the development of naval limitation by agreement, a word of explanation is desirable.

Under the present system each covenanting Power is allotted a certain sum of tonnage in every class of fighting ship on the fictitious assumption that their individual requirements in respect of battleship, cruiser, destroyer, and submarine tonnage

can be mathematically graduated. But, as we have discovered, the "yardstick" used to measure such requirements was made in America, and really designed as a convenient method of determining the naval strength of the United States, whose strategic position is entirely different from that of any other Maritime Power, though approached most closely by that of Japan. As a measure of British, or French, or Italian naval needs the "yardstick" is utterly misleading, and cannot possibly be maintained beyond the year 1936, when the treaties founded upon it are due to expire.

Under the "global tonnage" system each Power would be allotted a round figure of tonnage, which it could use as it pleased: that is to say, it could invest most heavily in battleships and/or cruisers, or alternatively in lighter surface-craft and submarines. The only argument heard against this method is that one Power might build an excessive number of submarines and thus destroy the general equilibrium. That contention has been disproved by experience. Although both France and Italy have been, and remain, absolutely free from restrictions on the building of submarines, each has launched a far higher percentage of surface than of underwater tonnage. The universal desire for a well-balanced fleet, with its proper proportion of surface and submarine units, is a sufficient guarantee against such aberrations in building policy as opponents of the global system profess fear.

Adoption of this system in place of rationing by categories would not in itself solve the problem of naval limitation, but it would simplify it. The next step would be to decide upon the "global tonnage" to be allotted to each Power. Friction would certainly develop if an attempt were made to apportion this tonnage on the existing 5-5-3 and 1.75 scale. In view of her demand for equality Japan would not be likely to accept anything short of the British and American figure, though she would not necessarily build up to it.

While it may be true that Japan's national pride will tolerate nothing less than her formal recognition as a naval Power of the first rank, the cold fact remains that she simply cannot afford to maintain a navy equal in strength to that, say, of the United States. Already she is faced with a heavy Budget deficit, and

those familiar with domestic conditions in Japan are convinced that the limit of taxation has already been reached. It is therefore difficult to discover any save academical objections to granting Japan the maximum allotment of "global tonnage".

To France and Italy respectively, a three-fifths share of the maximum might be tentatively offered, and since this would represent a marked improvement on their present treaty status they might welcome such a proposal. If, on the other hand they declined it, ample scope would still be left for further negotiation. The important point is that British and American statesmen should appreciate the obvious resolve of other nations to free their naval policies from the tyranny of the American "yardstick". That instrument has served its purpose and ought now to be discarded.

Is it seriously to be believed that the security of the United States would be prejudiced by conceding to Japan the right—which almost certainly would never be exercised—of building naval tonnage up to the American level? Great Britain, whose stake in the Pacific is incomparably greater than that of the United States, has not hesitated to recommend the granting of equality in principle to Japan. If, in spite of this lead, Washington remains obdurate and continues to insist upon retention of the 5-5-3 ratio, the rest of the world will draw its own conclusions, remembering that ever since the war the United States has been loudest in preaching the virtues of disarmament.

As far as Great Britain is concerned her future naval policy seems clear. Bearing always in mind that, until such time as the Dominions are able and willing to defend themselves, the Royal Navy is virtually responsible for the protection of the whole Empire, British statesmen should never again be inveigled into engagements which inhibit the maintenance of a reasonably adequate fleet. Let us hope that a firm stand will be made against every invitation to sign new naval covenants which do not embrace every maritime Power of importance. The Three Power Treaty of 1930, which continues to stunt the normal development of our Navy while leaving every continental Power free to expand its sea forces at will, was a blunder of the first magnitude. Renewal of that treaty in its existing form would be an unpardonable betrayal of the national interests.

THE DOOM OF THE REPUBLICANS

By D. W. BROGAN

THERE is a story told in a Scottish city of a carter, famous for his artistic use of profanity and for the ease with which he could be induced to display his gift. On one occasion, hopeful scholars removed the tailboard of his cart so that when the master got to the top of a long hill, all his cargo lay behind him. He contemplated his empty cart, the sky, the coal, his audience—and muttered: "That beats me". Such is the position of the political prognosticator who contemplates the victory of the Democrats, that is to say of the President, in the congressional elections of November, 1934. The first reflection that the result inspires in the student is the sudden appearance on the agenda of the problem of what is to be put in the place of the Republican Party. Its defeat, two years ago, was humiliating enough, stunning enough, likely to be fatal to many leaders of the Party. It made necessary a house-cleaning, a brushing away of some cobwebs and a furnishing of old formulas, but even the Party's most hopeful enemies did not realize how profound were the ills the poll of 1932 revealed, how little likely to yield to mere medicaments, how urgently calling for major operations. It is now not an academic, but an urgent political question, whether anything can save the Grand Old Party; whether the two tornadoes which it has had to face have not torn it up by the roots, as well as breaking its branches.

It is difficult to convey what a sense of desolation such a prospect causes to the American politician, even of the Democratic Party. The Republicans were not loved by those outside the flock, their sins of omission and commission have been frequently chronicled, but even the professors who lectured, the moralists who deplored, never expected the subject of their lectures or sermons to baffle criticism by dying. The growing

discrepancies between the urgent needs of the day and the possibilities of meeting them offered by the old party system had been pointed out again and again. It was the theme of a very able book written by Professor Paul Douglas, of Chicago, four years ago. He pointed out that there was little or nothing to choose between Republican and Democrat, that the names had been deprived of all meaning by the adoption by both parties of an indiscriminating acceptance of business rule. The place for a party, not uncritical of the business idol, was vacant, and the demand would or should create a supply. The first thing to do was to get rid of the Democratic Party which was merely a pale copy of its rival. That a new party alignment might be near, and that the party found to be superfluous would be the then triumphant rulers of the union, did not occur to Mr. Douglas, and, even two years ago, it can have occurred to few people in America or out of it! Yet the situation has arisen in which it is well worth considering the consequences of the collapse of the Republicans into a mere local remnant, such as the Federalists became after the victories of Jefferson.

We have seen at home the dwindling into impotence of a great historical party judged by most of the electors to be lagging superfluous on the scene; but great as the achievements of the Liberal Party were, its death or slow decay is not so revolutionary a change in our landscape as the shrinking of the Republicans into a discredited remnant is in America. The Liberals played a great part in the making of modern Britain, they retained, they still retain, claims on the loyalty of millions of electors, but the Republican Party *was* modern America in its political aspect; and its claims on millions of voters were considered as secure as those of a deeply held religion. The America in which Senator Reed of Pennsylvania has lost his seat to a Democrat is *capable de tout*, and, having once learned the delights of being a Habbakuk, is not likely to relapse into conformity soon.

It is to the results in Pennsylvania that the American eye has been irresistibly drawn. For seventy-four years the "key-stone State" has been the corner stone of the politico-economic arch. In its politics has been reflected the working compromise between government and business which the Republican Party

isted to maintain. "Corrupt and contented", the famous judgment on Philadelphia applied to the whole State. It was Pennsylvania that the power of the tariff in politics, its almost infinite capacity for stifling criticism and conscience was made most evident. To protect the sturdy infant industries of their State, Pennsylvania would put up with anything. They would keep on returning to the Senate the piratical Quay and the outrageous Penrose. Colossal robbery might, once in a generation, lead to a little local house-cleaning, but in national politics the vote of Pennsylvania was as sure a Republican asset as the vote of Mississippi was for the other side.

In the Republican hierarchy, the senior Senator from Pennsylvania for the time being, Quay, Penrose or Reed, was a "black Pope". The State did not produce Presidents, but it produced president-makers. Superstition exaggerated the power of the greatest of Republican machines, as it exaggerates the power of the General of the Jesuits; but the Republicans of Pennsylvania were the perfectly disciplined and never daunted fighting men of the Grand Old Party. Other States might flirt with the League of Nations, with the radical ideas let loose by the war; Pennsylvania set her heart on other things. New York might supply Mr. Harding with his Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, a great jurist, with a real diplomatic success to his credit—the Washington Conference. California (or London) might provide Mr. Hoover with his prestige as a great organizer and humanitarian; Ohio might send a typical smart politician of the second class in the person of Mr. Daugherty; but from Pennsylvania came the real power, Mr. Mellon, the third richest man in America, who overnight became a great political figure; and, after he had succeeded in applying the abundant revenue to the relief of the rich, the title of "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" was hastily awarded him.

Mr. Mellon, the prudent manager of the national finances, the boss of Pittsburgh, had a worthy ally in Senator Reed, the great corporation lawyer, the admirable debater, the vigorous debunker of abstractions, the player of politics according to the rigour of the game. There *were* moments of difficulty. The boss of Philadelphia, a self-made political force, fought his way into the Senate over the prostrate figure of Senator

Pepper, a scholarly lawyer of ecclesiastical tastes; and Mr. Mellon and Senator Reed, whom Mr. Vare had defied, hastily swallowed all the harsh words they had used about him and gallantly defended his title to the seat he had won at such expense. The Senate was unsympathetic and Mr. Vare was excluded, but the United States was given a fine lesson in practical politics.

When western states were greedy for federal subsidies, the rulers of Pennsylvania, with no side-glance at the record of the state since the days of "Pig-Iron Kelley", were properly indignant. The war debts controversies, with their talk about technical transfer problems and other subtleties beloved of economists, were lightened-up by Senator Reed's suggestion that the West Indies should be taken in lieu of cash. The Smoot-Hawley tariff of 1930, the panacea that failed, was a remedy after Pennsylvania's own heart. Other states might quail, but never the old home of tariffs to the sky, and to hell with theory.

The case of Pennsylvania is not merely interesting in itself, it is of the highest symptomatic interest. The world war made America a creditor power; her action had changed the history of the world; for good or evil she had emerged suddenly from her isolation. To all the problems thus presented, the dominant party in the United States turned a Nelsonic eye. The implications of a creditor position were denied; the tariff was raised and then raised again; effective co-operation in salvaging Europe was refused; the game of lending money to Europe to pay her debts and to other countries just for the fun and the (private) profit of the thing, went on, because the thinking out of the new situation was painful to a nation which had been assiduously inoculated against thinking, a vice which might lead to doubts of the wisdom of an economic policy that had paid Pennsylvania, or some Pennsylvanians, so well. That state, which had long been corrupt and contented, managed to induce the whole nation to adopt its point of view in the great Harding scandals, which the leaders of Pennsylvania did nothing to expose, and in which one of them played a not very heroic role. The stock of credit which the old Republican rulers of the United States had acquired, the name of Lincoln, the real or apparent results of the economic policies of Hanna, the force and popular appeal

Theodore Roosevelt, were recklessly squandered. They are declared to be unnecessary in a society in which everybody gets a share of the booty, even if the shares differed, like the stars, in their magnitude.

This not very glorious but, to many, very agreeable Abbey Theleme, had its roof blown off in 1929, and the American people have again decided that the repairing of the fabric will be entrusted to the old firm: a decision of which the defeat of Senator Reed is the most obvious sign.

The defeat of the Republicans this year is far more ominous and ignominious than their defeat in 1932, for they have had no years in which to meet the situation; they have had the chance that opposition offers to a party to recover its breath, and there have been plenty of targets offered to the big guns of the party by the changing policies of the Administration. Mr. Roosevelt's continued popularity may have counselled prudence in attacks on his person or record, but no such taboo protected the general activities of the Administration. The policy of ploughing in crops and of building dams to increase them; of suppressing jobs by sacking old government servants in the name of economy, and employing thousands of untrained men in new organizations; the debasing of the currency and the eliminations against the rise in prices; the preaching of economic co-operation in international affairs and the continuance of a policy of national self-sufficiency: these were all points on which a vigorous opposition might have concentrated with profit.

It is believed that Mr. Hoover and/or some of his close friends think it possible that he will be the Republican nominee in 1936. But such hopes are confined to a very narrow circle, and the party chiefs wisely forced the supersession of the Hoover leaders this summer. It was quite natural that Senators and Representatives should refuse to fight under the ægis of a chief who had been so badly beaten and who had never been popular with the leading members of the party he had led. To many veterans the disasters of 1932 were a visitation for letting the great prize fall into the hands of a newcomer who had not fought the good fight for the party all his life in the manner of Harding and Coolidge.

There was thus a chance for Republicans to start at scratch to help the electors to forget the Hoover era and to give signs of having learned something from the past. That chance was not taken, with an ostentation that startled many Party loyalists. The new national chairman (a kind of combination of chief whip and chief organizer) was not the young and vigorous Westerner for whom many hoped; he was not even a vigorous and well-known conservative Easterner; he was a retired diplomat, Mr. Henry Fletcher, chosen because he had won friends by his amiability and had avoided making enemies by staying out of the country for many years. In the same fix, in 1856, the Democrats chose, as their presidential candidate Mr. James Buchanan, another diplomat from Pennsylvania, but they at least won one election with him as a mascot, although his feebleness ruined his party within two years. The Republicans have not even that consolation! They refused to present an alternative policy to that of the President; they appointed a *roi fainéant*; they dodged a united front on any issue except the old stand-by of "protecting the Constitution". This seemed to the Republicans good tactics, for they had illusions, not long-lived to be sure, that now seem comic when looked back upon.

A very eminent Republican told me, at the end of July, that the Party would gain 100 seats; he did not seem to realize that such a gain would wipe out the Democratic majority! But more careful observers really believed they were sure of fifty; some thought seventy not impossible. Cool-headed Democrats, in private, of course, were reconciled to a loss of twenty-five seats and would not have been startled with a greater loss still. On what were these hopes and fears based?

One effect of the Democratic sweep of 1932 had been to carry into Congress many Representatives and some Senators who were frankly surprised to find themselves there. It was the history of our "Doctor's Mandate" election over again. Men who had fought the hopeless cause of the Democratic party for many years, with little hope, perhaps no great desire to succeed, found themselves legislators. There was reason to believe that the electorate might repent of its action when it saw exalted to office men who had long been regarded as harmless defenders of a lost cause.

Then high hopes were placed in the drought. The sudden ruin that befell the American farmer over hundreds of thousands of square miles, was indeed an ironic comment on the zeal with which the Department of Agriculture had gone about persuading farmers to curtail their crops. God had stepped in to teach the impudent bureaucrat not to tamper with nature. "The American farmer", I was told more than once, "is still very religious. No cheque from the A.A.A. (Agricultural Adjustment Administration) will make up to him for having a plough in a fifth of his crops. He just *knows* it's not *right*—and he'll vote that way". I made some efforts to find these farmers, but without success. Plenty of farmers were sorry they had to destroy food; plenty would like to have seen it put to some use, but the A.A.A. for all its faults, *was* an attempt to help the farmer, and they believed it was a sincere attempt. This faith no Republican scheme had ever inspired!

More likely to tell was the effort to impress on the voters that, after all, the money had to come from somewhere: from the voter as taxpayer, or from the proceeds of the ingenious "processing tax" which formed the basis of the A.A.A.'s finances. Even here there were difficulties. That waste makes wealth, in some circumstances, had been sound Republican doctrine where the tariff was concerned. That the Government should spread wealth by public works, coarsely called the "pork barrel", was old theory and practice for both parties. It was a little late in the day to preach Gladstonian economy! But the scale of government expenditure was so vast that the public fear *might* have been touched. The experiment was not made. Faced with temptation, the Republicans fell. Senator Reed himself voted to override Mr. Roosevelt's veto of the American Legion raid on the endangered Treasury, and few candidates west of the Mississippi at least, dared to admit they were in favour of either killing, or even suggesting moderation, to the goose that was laying the golden eggs of relief, public works, cheques for not farming well, etc. Anxious for local victories, Republican candidates destroyed all chance of making a record in 1934, that might have stood the party in good stead in 1936. To have forced anything like unity on the party would have been a startling innovation, and the mere possibility of it

probably never occurred to Mr. Fletcher. It would have made no difference even if it had; so the unfortunate chairman led his regiment from behind, like the Duke of Plaza Toro, finding it quite exciting enough as the omens grew less cheery with each week, as the hopes of fifty seats dwindled to twenty, to ten, to desperate last moment attempts to hold the meagre ground left to the Party in 1932.

The policy of dodging has not paid; the policy of throwing over Mr. Hoover has not paid; the policy of standing by the Old Guard has not paid; the policy of defending the Constitution has not paid. The policy of coming out frankly for a capitalist economy, of admitting past sins of omission and commission, of adjusting political habits obsolescent for a generation, has not been tried.

If the Republican Party had encouraged independent thinking; if, in this autumn, it had resolved, since it was going to be beaten, that it would go down for some principle, making what might be an effective minority report, there would be more hope for it. But it has refused to do that. Mr. Ogden Mills, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury, gave signs of independent thinking, of realizing that the old battle cries would not do, but what audience did he get? He may find it now, since the percussion instruments of Senator Reed and the noisy drumming of Theodore Roosevelt, junior, to take two examples, have failed to pay, but it may be too late. In Pennsylvania, this summer, my attention was called, contemptuously, to the number of "Duco" Democrats in that State; former Republicans who had seen the light with the capture of the city governments of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh by the long depressed minority party. Now that the Democrats have the state as well as the two great cities, we may expect the demand for political varnish to increase by leaps and bounds! Such changes are a sign of the times; when rats leave the sinking ship is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party, but when Pennsylvania rats leave, the ship must have given real signs of sinking and the party of being past aid!

What would a demise or a long crippling of the Republicans mean? The disappearance of the Federalists, a hundred years ago, was followed by the federalizing of the old Jeffersonian

ty. "Big business" in America will not long go on putting money on a horse so lame as the Republican Party has turned out to be. It is notorious that Chairman Fletcher found very great difficulty in getting a few hundred thousand dollars to fight this election. Powerful economic interests have learned the lesson of America's change of economic status, if the Republican leaders (apart from Mr. Mills) have not. Even if business has not learned anything, it will try to buy political power from those who have it to sell, that is to say, the Democrats.

Nothing short of a terrific economic upheaval can prevent Mr. Roosevelt from winning in 1936, and the consequences of that victory are already being discounted in exalted business circles. Mr. Roosevelt is unpopular in the wealthy classes of America; long used to order, they dislike having to beg, but they will not be gratified at too great expense. A century ago, while the more obstinate of the rich were still clinging to the Federalist corpse, John Jacob Astor, and other young men of vision, were making useful friends with the disreputable but powerful Jeffersonians. To-day the most effective criticism of the President has come from the dissident Democrats, from Messrs. Al Smith, Irenée du Pont, etc. So if the President is to move to the right, there is ready a nucleus of Democrats of wealth who would like nothing better than to make their party a home from home for the Republican orphans of the reform. This ambition is not confined to the Wall Street group mentioned above. It is unlikely that such eminent bosses as Mr. Thomas Pendergast of Kansas City and of Missouri, or Mr. Patrick Nash of Chicago and Illinois, are really worked up about the "New Deal". They do not want to quarrel with the leader of their party, or to lose votes by opposing him, but at bottom they would find a less upsetting direction from above if the party and its chief were more "safe", more conservative.

In the Middle West and West, Democratic politicians are faced with a similar problem, for in such states as Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, the real opposition comes not from the moribund Republicans, but from local radical parties: the Progressives in Wisconsin, the Farmer-Labour Party in Minnesota,

the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota. The possessing classes in these States have already begun to move over to the Democrats as their only means of salvation. How the Democrats in the Middle West and elsewhere will meet this situation it is far too early to say. They may decide to let the conservative wing go, for as far as the party has a doctrine or spirit, it is a *mystique de gauche*, as the French say. The elections show that the radical tide is still mounting; even the Republican victor in California had to call on that last reserve, the menace of free love and atheism, to help him to defeat Mr. Upton Sinclair—and he had to add to these trump cards the doubling of all Mr. Sinclair's bids including, apparently, some form of credit reform. This radical tide will undoubtedly be felt in Congress, and it, not the Republican rump, will be the President's real opposition.

But the lessons of last month should make prophets wary. It may seem impossible to keep under the same riddled Republican flag Senators Hiram Johnson and Borah and Senator Davis of Pennsylvania, or Senator Austin of Vermont. It may seem equally impossible to keep together a victorious Democratic army with such varied elements in it as are represented by Senator Byrd, of Virginia, whose hostility to the New Deal has not been hidden, and such a warm champion of presidential infallibility as Senator Burke of Nebraska. As for Senator Huey Long of Louisiana and his even noisier neighbour, Senator Bilbo of Mississippi, they are disruptive enough for any dozen parties. But the collapse, permanent or even temporary, of the Republicans should produce some attempts at that realignment of parties which wise and good men have hankered after, in vain, for a generation. But it may also do nothing of the kind. "In the Archey Road", said Mr. Dooley, "when a husband and wife find they can't go on living together—they go on living together". For a long time now, American politics have been like the Archey Road, and it is too early to say that they have moved away from that thoroughfare.

TERRORISM IN THE BALKANS

BY HARRY SPEED

THE murder of King Alexander in the streets of Marseilles has again brought into notice the activities of the Macedonian revolutionaries, which have steadily remained a potential danger to the peace of the Balkans whilst the attention of Western Europe has been concentrated on its own recurrent crises. What was the precise part played by the Macedonians in organizing the assassination plot, and how far conspirators of Croat nationality were involved are questions which are still the subject of investigation. The Yugoslav Government has now prepared a memorandum in which it draws the attention of the League of Nations to the result of these intrigues and the fact that they are calculated to disturb international peace. The natural impatience which the delays in extraditing incriminated persons have excited in Yugoslavia and the suspicions cast upon neighbouring countries are evidence of the delicate and explosive nature of the situation, and it is the purpose of this article to show the wide ramifications of the revolutionary organizations which have been secretly at work in recent years.

For a proper understanding of these matters we must go back to the events in the Belgrade Skupshtina on June 20th, 1928. In answer to an insulting interruption, a Montenegrin deputy of sinister reputation, Punisha Rachich, broke off his speech and drew his revolver. The shooting ended in the killing of three Croat deputies and the wounding of three others. Among the dead were Stjepan Radich, the leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, and his nephew. Rachich got off comparatively lightly.

The treatment of the "murderer of the Skupshtina" aroused almost more indignation in Croatia than the murders themselves. It gave colour to the accusation of collusion on the part of the Belgrade authorities. The relations between the Serbs and the Croats had never been good at the best of times,

and now the hate of the "oppressed" Croats found vent in desperate measures. Two organizations sprang up. The one, under the leadership of Dr. Pavelich and Dr. Perchech, took the terrorist road. The other strove towards the same end by peaceful means, being directed from Paris by Stjepan Radich's son, from Vienna by Dr. Koshutich, and from Geneva by Dr. Krnjevich. The terror intensified as Croat demands for the punishment of the murderer went unheeded. The intensification of the terror called forth correspondingly repressive measures from the central authorities.

On March 22nd, Toni Schlegel, the Editor of the Zagreb newspaper *Novosti*, was shot in broad daylight as he was getting out of his car. It was alleged that he had used his paper to support "Yugoslav" tendencies, and had betrayed Croatia to Pan-Serbia. The actual murderers were never found, but two accomplices were imprisoned. This murder was a signal for a fresh series of outrages. Many of the militant Croat terrorists went abroad, the better to make preparations for further attempts. Dr. Pavelich and Dr. Perchech spent many years in Vienna, Budapest and Pécs, which were the centres of the Croat emigration. In quick succession gendarmes were murdered and bombs thrown in the Palace of Justice, in parks, in newspaper offices and in trains. Some of the terrorists have themselves given us descriptions of how these plots were prepared and carried out.

One of the most intelligent of them, Ivan Levakovich, a peasant who had delved deep into Nietzsche, gives us the following account. He arrived in Vienna and met Dr. Perchech at the Vienna South station and went to Oedenburg with a false passport. Two infernal machines were produced in the house of one of the conspirators and carefully concealed in loaves of bread. But one of the loaves took on such a curious shape that it had to be thrown out of a carriage window in order to avoid attracting attention. Another conspirator forgot to time a bomb intended for Alexander and narrowly escaped being blown up himself. The successful execution of a plot was usually announced to the organizers by a telegram bearing the formula: Man-child born.

A still more serious movement broke out in 1932 in the Lika,

district lying between Zagreb and the Dalmatian coast between Khushak and Split. The movement called itself "Ustascha" (the Rebels), and had broad popular support among the peasantry. It was organized on the model of the Macedonian revolutionaries in bands of komitadjis, who passed and executed death sentences on the more notorious of the local gendarmes and soldiery. These murders frequently were followed by bloody fighting and ended in the defeat of the rebels with the arrival of reinforcements. The Ustaschi were well armed on modern lines and obtained both money and weapons from Hungary and Italy. In connection with this outbreak, the so-called Hirtenberg affair raised considerable commotion. The Italians had commissioned the improvement and modernization of old Austrian war material at the armaments factory at Hirtenberg. It was intended to have it sent to Croatia via Hungary by means of false customs declarations. The Austrian Social-Democrats called attention to this scandal and vehement protests from France in particular were successful in having the material sent back to Hirtenberg.

Up to this time the terrorist organizations had been active in Vienna. Both Dr. Pavelich and Dr. Perchech had a strong following in that town. But in 1931 three agents-provocateurs were sent from Serbia to put Dr. Perchech out of harm's way. The Austrian police discovered the plot in time and during the trial of the three Serbs, Belosevich, Cwerga and Tomljenovich, the whole Croatian question received a thorough airing. Perchech soon found Vienna too hot to hold him and left the country. Since then he has wandered from France to Belgium and back again, until his recent arrest in the former country in connection with the Marseilles murder. Dr. Pavelich left for Italy, and Belgrade is now pressing for his extradition.

The vigilance of the police in Yugoslavia was largely successful in lessening the number of outrages which occurred on Yugoslav soil. But the only result of this has been to drive the terrorists abroad. The murder of Alexander was the last step in this process, and in a sense the zenith of the movement.

Another organization which has been mentioned in connection with the Marseilles murder, and from whose ranks it appears that the assassin was drawn, is the Internal Macedonian

Revolutionary Organization. This formidable group of revolutionaries has a reputation far more gruesome and sinister than that of any of the Croatian groups. For the last four decades it has fought unremittingly, first against the Turks and then against the Greeks and Serbs.

IMRO, as the Macedonian organization is usually known, aims at the creation of an independent Macedonian state, stretching from the Gulf of Salonica to the Rhodope range and westwards towards Montenegro. This state would include the large towns of Salonica, Kavalla, Skoplje, Bitolj and Shtip. The population of this territory belongs to one of the most beautiful races of Europe and is also one of the most cultivated and intelligent. This combination of great physical strength and penetrating intelligence makes the 600,000 inhabitants of Macedonia a particularly dangerous enemy to any state that claims suzerainty over them. The komitadji bands which terrorize the country played a large part in undermining Turkish authority in the province. They turned on the Serbs with equal vehemence and their greatest efforts since the second Balkan War have been directed against Belgrade. Their leader, Michailov, is said to receive a subsidy from Italy for his services as a thorn in the side of the Yugoslav Government. The small strip of Macedonia which fell to Bulgaria after the Great War has formed their base of operations.

The Serbo-Bulgarian frontier presents an astonishing spectacle to the casual visitor. Along a border-line several hundred kilometres long there are only two points at which the frontier can be crossed. The remainder is hermetically sealed by means of trenches, electrified barbed-wire and mines. A touch of the electric wires means not only instant death but also a pandemonium of bells and alarms. Heavily armed troops rush to the scene and ask no questions before blazing away at visible or invisible opponents. The hair-raising rumours which are put in circulation on both sides of the frontier give some idea of the bitterness with which the struggle is being waged on both sides.

The Macedonians accuse the Serbs of brutal repression of all vestiges of Macedonian national characteristics. There are no Bulgarian schools, the priests and teachers have been driven

ay and the church ceremonies have been completely serbized. The singing of Bulgarian songs, the use of Bulgarian Christian names and of the Bulgarian language in ordinary conversation is forbidden, likewise the importation of Bulgarian newspapers. The Serbs retort that the activity of the komitadjis has undermined all state authority in Macedonia. The peasants of the district were for long terrorized until they themselves were forced to organize in self-defence and stop the activities of the bandits on their own. They also maintained, at least until a short time ago, that IMRO constituted an "imperium in imperio" which remained quite deaf to the admonitions of the central government of Bulgaria.

IMRO certainly constitutes an "imperium in imperio". But the strength of the Macedonians has been wasted in continual internecine warfare. Their best men have been murdered and the rest live in a state of continual nervousness. The ablest leader of the Macedonians in the last few decades was Vukobrod Alexandrov, who was murdered in August 1924, on his way to a meeting. General Alexander Protoguerov and Ivan Michailov succeeded to the leadership. The latter had been Alexandrov's personal adjutant and friend. On hearing of the murder he declared war on the murderers. In September 1924 he lured all those whom he considered to be suspects to a revolutionary meeting in Gorna Djumaja and had them slaughtered in cold blood. Many of the killed were among his truest supporters. Fresh from the blood-bath, Michailov learnt that the real instigator of Alexandrov's death had been General Protoguerov himself. He set himself to organize a corps of sharpshooters with the object of annihilating Protoguerov and his friends.

One of the most startling steps in this campaign was a murder at the Vienna Burgtheater in 1926. Ivan Panica, a supporter of Protoguerov's, was shot in one of the boxes of the theatre by a young woman of 27, named Menzia Carniciu. The murderess was sentenced to eight years imprisonment but was later released on account of illness and returned to Bulgaria, a national heroine. There she married Michailov himself and fled with him to Turkey after his expulsion from Bulgaria a month or two ago.

Other murders followed that of Panica until Protoguerov himself was murdered in broad daylight in the streets of Sofia on August 7th, 1928. Michailov obtained sanction for the already executed death sentence from a Macedonian congress, and demanded from all remaining supporters of Protoguerov unconditional surrender. The greater part of them submitted, only a small group daring to carry on the struggle. In August 1928, sixteen of the latter were lured into a trap in the Macedonian mountains and all save two slaughtered. The two who escaped did not last long. A month later they were killed during a shooting affray in Sofia. Last of all fell Bajdarov, Protoguerov's representative abroad, shot in broad daylight in Varna.

From the summer of 1929 to the summer of 1934 Michailov remained the sole ruler of the "imperium in imperio". He made his home in the mountain fastnesses in the neighbourhood of Sofia. Anyone considered worthy of an interview was taken over wide detours with blindfolded eyes, to the accompaniment of extraordinary rites. For the Macedonians Michailov was a god, shrouded in his own mystery. He is a young man not yet forty, of unusual physical beauty, penetrating intelligence, personal courage and incredible coldbloodedness.

The present Bulgarian government is the first which has plucked up courage to deal with IMRO. Its very existence, indeed, is due to a revolt among army officers against the perpetual interference and dictation of the Macedonians in Bulgarian affairs. These officers, forming a league which steadily grew in secret, resolved at all costs to be done with IMRO, and their movement finally led to the *coup d'Etat* of last May, which brought the present Government into power. The energetic measures of the military dictatorship have already driven Michailov and Carniciu to flee to Turkey. Thus the leaders of IMRO, which played a large part in freeing Bulgaria from the Turks, and then sought to dominate Bulgarian affairs, now direct operations against the Bulgarian government from the hospitable soil of Turkey.

The connection between IMRO and the Croat organizations is naturally difficult to determine. As long as Michailov was the uncrowned king of Bulgarian Macedonia, he was in the habit of receiving foreign journalists and discoursing at

length on the subject. Not long ago he made the following declaration :—

“ From the first moment of the creation of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, the leaders of IMRO were convinced that the relations between the Croats and the Serbs would get steadily worse. This has now come to pass. The murder of Stjepan Radich and the unconcealed efforts of the Serbs to annihilate the Croats have united all Croatia in the struggle for existence. All Croatia is united against the tyrannous provocation of Belgrade. All the enslaved peoples of Yugoslavia are overjoyed, in particular the Macedonians. With every new ally, we advance a step further along the road to freedom. We Macedonians have preserved a particular friendship for the Croats, which is now stronger than ever, as they are natural allies in our struggle against Belgrade. In the struggle for freedom every Croat success is our success and vice versa. So Croats and Macedonians fight shoulder to shoulder against Belgrade.”

This declaration throws a vivid light on the connection between the two organizations, and the co-operation of both groups in the Marseilles murder is easily explained. As is now known, the assassin was a member of IMRO who had been active in Budapest, supplying arms and money to both organizations.

It is easy to catch an assassin in the act, but it is another matter to destroy the organization he belongs to. It would need a tremendous effort to wipe out so formidable an organization as IMRO. Its members have always succeeded in slaying traitors and unreliaables. But not only do they revenge treachery on their own organization. No ordinary crimes go unpunished, and disciplinary action by IMRO is far more regular, swift and certain than the intervention of the state police. Almost the whole population stands behind it. A friend of IMRO can, or could, always find shelter, an enemy never. In July 1932 a village schoolmaster was waylaid by thieves, murdered and robbed. Almost by accident, the police were successful in capturing the criminals, and took them in custody to Gorna Djumaja. They turned out to be three peasants from the schoolmaster's village and were taken to Sveti Vratsch for trial.

As the train crept slowly along the rocky gorge of the Kresna, it was suddenly held up by a band of about sixty heavily-armed men. The engine driver was forced to halt and the guards disarmed. The bandits tore the three prisoners out of the train, put them up against the next rock and fired a volley into them. The guards received their weapons back and the train was allowed to continue. All attempts to find the executioners were, as might be expected, unsuccessful. In their own territory the Macedonians hold their own courts, where trial is often more thorough and always more drastic than in the state courts. Judgments are passed according to Macedonian law and are instantly acted upon. A few seconds pass between the passing of the sentence and its execution. There is a regular system of penalties, ranging from death to admonition. Expulsion from the organization and banishment are also used. The income and expenditure of the organization are carefully supervised. Propaganda costs money, arms are dear and the leaders must live. The subscriptions of members are more like taxes. In addition to that, until a short while ago, at any rate, the Macedonians received money from abroad.

Is IMRO done for? Its suppression is a *sine qua non* of the Serbo-Bulgarian rapprochement which has been noticed in recent months. The fact that Alexander was able to visit Sofia in safety is alone an achievement of which the new Bulgarian government may feel proud. But although Michailov has been forced to flee the country, and in spite of the large-scale rounding up that has been effected in Bulgarian Macedonia, it would be premature to say that the organization is finished. For an organization with such experience and such wide ramifications as IMRO, the present struggle against the Bulgarian government must seem hardly more than a passing episode. Michailov has himself said from exile: "The struggle continues!"

THE GREAT 200-INCH TELESCOPE

BY H. SPENCER JONES, F.R.S.,

Astronomer Royal

WITH the largest telescope yet constructed, the 100-inch telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, distant stellar universes have been photographed which are so far away that the light from them has taken more than 160 million years to reach us, travelling through space at all this time at a speed of 186,000 miles every second. Yet there is no evidence that even at such great distances the limits of the cosmos are being approached. Astronomers are therefore anxious to probe still further into space and so the great project of the construction of a 200-inch telescope has been embarked upon.

Two types of telescope are used in astronomical observation. In the one type the light is collected by a transparent lens ; in the other type, by a curved reflecting mirror. Certain disadvantages involved in the use of a lens limit the possible size of the first type of telescope. The light must pass through the lens and any slight imperfections in the glass, such as veins or striations, will distort the paths of the light rays and the result will be images of poor quality. It is practically impossible to obtain a large block of optical glass entirely free from such imperfections. But even if such blocks could be obtained without difficulty, a limit would be imposed on the possible size of the lens by troubles which would begin to arise from the bending of the glass under its own weight. The lens can necessarily be supported only at its edge and the effects due to this bending or flexure naturally increase very rapidly with the size of the lens. Moreover, the flexure varies in amount as the telescope is moved from one position to another ; it causes distortion of the surfaces of the lens and the quality of the images is entirely spoiled. The largest lens which has been made has a

diameter of only 40 inches. In order to secure greater light-gathering power, we must therefore turn to the second type of telescope in which the light is collected by a curved reflecting mirror. It is customary now to make these mirrors of glass and to deposit a metallic reflecting coating on the curved surface. To make a mirror measuring 200 inches across, a number of difficult problems, engineering and optical, require to be solved.

The requirements can perhaps best be appreciated by considering first the optical side of the question. It is, of course, necessary that the light from a star reflected from every portion of the surface of the mirror should be brought to the same focus. This is not the case if the surface of the mirror is spherical. The correct form of surface is that known as a paraboloid, in which the curvature gradually decreases from the centre outwards. It is not possible to put the mirror on to a machine and to grind and polish it straight away into a paraboloidal shape. It is necessary first to grind and polish the mirror to a spherical shape. To change from the spherical to the paraboloidal form the amount of material which must be polished away is very small. The amount of material to be removed from the centre of the 200-inch mirror will amount only to $1/5000$ th of an inch; the amount to be removed from any other part of the surface decreases gradually from this maximum amount at the centre to nil at the edge. Yet this stage is the most difficult and delicate stage in the construction of the mirror and may easily extend over two or three years. The process is one of trial and error, in which frequent optical tests are needed to check the progress of the work. If a little too much material were removed from one portion of the mirror only, the work of possibly one or two years would be ruined and the whole task of parabolising would have to be commenced afresh. The material is rubbed away very slowly with a polisher whose action necessarily heats the mirror locally and thereby causes some distortion of the surface. In the final stages, the work must be carried out in a room maintained at a constant temperature and, after a spell of polishing, sufficient time must be allowed for the inequalities in temperature of the mirror to disappear before the optical tests can be made. Careful precautions have to be taken to prevent particles of dust or grit from falling on to the surface of the mirror during the

ishing. The 100-inch mirror was figured in a room provided with double windows, sealed to prevent the admission of dust; the air entering the room was filtered; the walls and ceiling were coated with shellac; canvas was suspended above the grinding machine and the floor was kept wet during polishing. In the finished mirror, the actual curve of the glass must differ from the correct theoretical curve by less than $1/500,000$ th of an inch at every point. To shape a mirror, whose surface measures somewhere about 24 square yards, so that at every point the error is not greater than about one-millionth of an inch, is a task whose difficulty will at once be realised.

Having obtained some idea of the accuracy of figure which is needed to give satisfactory optical images, the question of what material to use for the mirror may be considered. The first requirement is that the shape of the optically worked surface should not alter with age. This requirement has practically ruled out the use of metallic alloys for large mirrors, although not one hundred years ago it was customary to make astronomical mirrors of a special alloy, termed speculum metal, containing about two parts of copper to one of tin. With metallic alloys, there is a danger of the minute crystal structure changing gradually with age and giving rise to local distortions even to a general warping of the surface. To avoid such risks, astronomers have preferred to use glass, which experience has shown to be free from these troubles, though in view of the modern developments in metallurgy there is hope that an alloy may be found which will comply with the rigid requirements of the astronomer. If such an alloy were known, the long process of annealing to which a glass disc must be subjected could be eliminated and the total cost of making a large mirror could be materially reduced.

At the present time, therefore, no suitable alternative to glass as the material of the mirror is known. Glass is unfortunately a very bad conductor of heat and this gives rise to further complications. Experience indicates that the thickness of a glass mirror should be about one-eighth of its diameter, in order that it may have sufficient rigidity to prevent surface distortions when it is mounted. A disc of glass, 200 inches in diameter and 25 inches thick, weighs somewhere about 36 tons. In the

case of the 200-inch mirror, it is planned to reduce the weight to some extent without decreasing the rigidity by casting a disc with a system of stiffening ribs on its back surface, instead of the plain disc which has hitherto been used. But even so, the mirror will weigh at least 20 tons. Suppose now that the molten glass has been poured into the mould and that it is allowed to cool. Owing to the bad conductivity of glass for heat, the outer layers will cool and solidify whilst the interior is still molten. As the interior portion cools it contracts and tremendous internal strains are set up, causing the disc to split into fragments. The glass must therefore be cooled extremely slowly in an annealing oven, so that at any stage in this process the temperature throughout the mass is practically uniform. A block of ordinary glass weighing 20 tons would require this process of gradual cooling or annealing to extend over a period of not less than one year, if internal strains are to be avoided. Even then there is always some risk that when at length the annealing oven is opened the glass will be found to be in fragments. When the 100-inch telescope was under construction, a disc of the required size was cast after many trials, but owing to numerous flaws it was considered doubtful whether it would prove satisfactory. Further attempts to cast a more perfect disc ended on each occasion in the disc fracturing during annealing, and the disc finally used was the one which had been provisionally laid aside.

Reference has already been made to the optical tests by means of which the shape of the surface of the mirror is repeatedly tested during the long process of figuring. The purpose of the tests is to find out which portion or portions of the surface are too high and require further polishing. Various tests are used and it is not necessary here to describe them. But it must be mentioned that a lot of special equipment has to be made for these tests, including a perfectly flat mirror of 120 inches diameter which in itself is considerably larger than the largest mirror yet made.

The perfection of figure which a good mirror will show when under test in a room in which the temperature has been maintained uniform and constant will not be obtained when the mirror is mounted in a telescope, under conditions of changin

perature. As the temperature falls at night, the metal cell which holds the mirror will cool more rapidly than the mirror itself; the outer layers of the mirror will cool more rapidly than the interior. Draughts of air are also liable to produce local changes of temperature in portions of the mirror. These temperature variations produce slight changes of curvature of surface and the quality of the images deteriorates. It is therefore advantageous to have the mirror made of a material which is changed as little as possible by changes of temperature. A great improvement would be obtained by using fused quartz instead of glass, for the change in dimensions of quartz is only one-twentieth that of ordinary plate glass. To make a very large disc of clear fused quartz would be extremely costly. Experiments were made with a view to constructing the 200-inch mirror by fusing together small grains of quartz, and then coating it with a layer of clear fused quartz of sufficient thickness for the optical working. Mirrors of moderate size were successfully made by this process, but it was concluded that the cost of a 200-inch mirror would be prohibitive. It was therefore decided to make the mirror of a type of pyrex glass. Pyrex glass, which is used largely for transparent baking dishes, is a glass containing a high percentage of silica. Its expansion with increase of temperature, though greater than that of quartz, is very much less than that of plate glass. It is the low expansion of pyrex glass, reducing the risk of fracture with sudden change of temperature, which makes it valuable for domestic purposes. A special type of pyrex, with a still higher percentage of silica and a lower expansion than ordinary commercial pyrex, was finally decided upon for the 200-inch mirror.

The contract for the pyrex disc was given to the Corning Glass Works of Pittsburgh. This firm specialises in pyrex glass and has facilities for melting 30 tons in one melting. A large mould was constructed for casting the disc and the rib system referred to above. The white-hot molten pyrex glass was poured into the mould until it was full. By an unfortunate chance the head of an iron bolt holding down one of the formers for the rib system melted off and the former came to rest in the molten glass. It was therefore decided to reject this casting for the construction of the mirror, but to utilize it

for an experiment in rapid annealing. The comparatively small expansion of pyrex glass has the advantage that the annealing stage can be appreciably shortened. But as no mirror of comparable size had previously been made, it was somewhat uncertain to what extent the time of annealing could be reduced with safety. The experiment with the imperfect disc has given information on this point which will be of value for the annealing of a second disc.

It has been customary to coat astronomical mirrors with a thin film of silver, deposited chemically on the curved optical surface of the mirror. The silver film has a high reflecting power but gradually tarnishes. At Greenwich, where there is a considerable amount of sulphur dioxide in the atmosphere, the deterioration in the reflecting power of a silver mirror can almost be detected night by night. Even in the purest atmosphere, the loss in reflecting power in a period of several months is considerable. It then becomes necessary to remove the mirror from the telescope and to renew the coating of silver. Astronomers have therefore long been anxious to find some form of coating which would not suffer from these disadvantages. It has recently been found that a thin film of aluminium can be deposited on glass and that this film possesses a reflecting power very nearly equal to that of a fresh silver film, whilst it does not tarnish. The aluminium coating has the further advantage that it adheres to the glass surface with a much greater tenacity than silver and can be washed with soap and water to remove dust and dirt—treatment which would ruin a silver film. The film of aluminium must be deposited in a very high vacuum by distilling the aluminium, a much more difficult process than is involved in coating with silver by simple chemical deposition. To maintain a chamber capable of containing a 200-inch mirror at the extremely low pressure necessary for the successful deposition of the aluminium raises problems of its own. At the present time, the largest mirror which has been coated by this process has a diameter of only 36 inches. There is little doubt that by the time the large mirror is ready for coating these difficulties will have been overcome.

The construction of the telescope in which the 200-inch mirror is to be mounted presents no insuperable difficulties for

modern engineering experience. In the photography of very distant objects, long exposures are necessary and, as the object being photographed moves across the sky, the telescope must be slowly turned by clockwork or electrical mechanism so that it continues to point exactly towards the object. Although the weight of the moving parts of the giant telescope will be something like 500 tons, with the aid of modern ball and roller bearings there will be no great difficulty in securing a smooth and perfectly uniform motion.

The most delicate of the engineering problems is that of the manner in which the mirror is to be held in its cell in the telescope. It must be mounted in such a way that it is free from any risk of bending under its own weight and must not be liable to strain or to distortion of any sort in whatever direction the telescope may be pointed. The method to be used will probably be a development of that already adopted with success in existing large telescopes. The support is in two parts, a back support and an edge support. The best form of back support consists of a large number of separate discs, about 12 inches in diameter. Each disc is mounted by a universal joint at the end of a counterpoised lever arm. By supporting the mirror in this way, deformations of the surface by the loading of the mirror can be reduced to a negligible amount, and with proper design of the system each disc will carry exactly the correct proportion of the weight, so that there is no fear of distortion. The discs are self-aligning in all positions of the instrument, and, when the system of counterpoises has been properly adjusted for any one position of the telescope, it must automatically remain correct for every other position. The edge support is formed by a flexible strap or band, engaging into a groove cut for the purpose around the outer edge of the mirror; this strap is itself carried by a system of counterpoised levers. To illustrate the importance of correct support, it may be mentioned that even with a system of supports constructed on these principles, the 100-inch mirror at Mount Wilson was found not to be giving images of the anticipated quality. The trouble was traced to slight strains due to a tendency on the part of the back support discs to drag on the back of the mirror when the mirror was in an inclined position; this drag, small

though it was, caused perceptible deformations of the optical surface. It was cured by strapping similar discs to the back of the mirror and inserting ball bearings between each pair of corresponding discs, thus allowing slight motions of the mirror in a sideways direction to take place without any constraint.

It is not possible to use a telescope of such large size to full advantage except under the most perfect atmospheric conditions. The telescope must be erected on a site where a large number of clear nights, distributed as evenly as possible throughout the year, can be obtained. But it is also necessary that the atmosphere should be steady. The effect of waviness and distortion produced by looking through hot air rising from a chimney is well known. Similar effects are always present, but to a lesser extent, in the atmosphere through which the astronomer has to make his observations. Turbulence in the atmosphere, or the existence of localized regions of different temperature and density, familiar to the airman as "air pockets", results in what the astronomer calls "bad seeing". The image of a star, instead of appearing as a sharp bright point, is spread out into a sort of fluffy disc, which continually jumps about. The greater the power of the telescope, the more all such effects are magnified. Extensive tests of a number of sites in California have therefore been made in order that the telescope may be erected in the situation in which it can be used to the best advantage. There are very few regions of the Earth where the climatic conditions are suitable for placing a giant telescope. Certain portions of California and of the high veldt in South Africa appear to have the most favourable conditions. Nowhere in England are conditions suitable for placing a very large telescope.

It is probable that the new telescope will take from five to ten years to construct and that the cost will be about £2,000,000. For what purposes is the expenditure of so much thought, skill, labour and capital considered desirable? In the first place, the new telescope should lead to a great extension in our knowledge of those distant stellar universes which are generally called spiral nebulae. Though each one of these systems contains enough matter to make thousands of millions of stars like the Sun and is so large that a ray of light would take many thousands of years to travel from one end of the system to the other, they are for the

st part at such great distances that they can only be detected long exposure photographs with powerful telescopes. It is mentioned at the beginning of this article that no evidence has yet been obtained of the bounds of space being within sight. As to the greatest distances to which it has hitherto been possible to probe, the island universes seem to be scattered more or less uniformly through space, the average distance of any one from its nearest neighbour being about two million light-years. The new telescope will reach to a still greater distance and we shall learn something about other universes which are so distant that millions of years are required for their light to reach us.

We have much still to learn, moreover, about even the nearest of these universes. The Andromeda spiral nebula, which can be seen with the naked eye as a small faint hazy patch in the sky, is at a distance of nearly one million light-years. The brightest stars in the system are comparable to the brightest stars in our own universe. The brightest star, however, when moved away to a distance of about five million billion miles, appears as an extremely faint object. With the 100-inch telescope, individual stars can be detected only in the few nearest systems; in the remainder, the light from millions of stars is blended into a faint haze. In the past, it has been found that every increase in light-gathering power of a telescope has given further information about, and a truer picture of the spiral nebulae. There still remains much to be learnt about these systems; until quite recently it appeared that our own Milky Way system considerably exceeded in size any of the other stellar universes, but the most recent observations suggest that there is little, if any, discrepancy and that the separate universes differ comparatively little in size. On all these questions the new telescope should give more definite information.

Modern astronomy is concerned to an ever increasing extent with the analysis of the light from the stars. It is from observations of this type that most of our present-day knowledge of the composition and structure of the stars has been derived. In such observations, the light from the stars is spread out into a band—the spectrum—and a much longer time is required to photograph the spectrum than to photograph the direct image of the star, where all the light is concentrated into a point. With

the largest instruments at the present time, it is only the stars in the regions relatively near to the Sun which can be studied in this way. The 200-inch telescope will give a fourfold increase in light-gathering power and will double the distance to which such observations can be extended.

There is one type of star of particular interest about which the new telescope should give information of value. This is the class of stars called temporary stars or "novæ", stars which suddenly flare up and increase in brightness by tens or hundred of thousands of times in the course of a few days or even of a few hours. They afford us the only glimpse we can get of stellar evolution actually taking place. There are reasons for believing that every star goes through this particular type of outburst at some time or other in the course of its life. It seems probable that the flare-up is due to the star becoming unstable, and in the course of settling down to a new state of stability a large store of energy is released. After the outburst the nova rapidly fades away and becomes as faint as it was originally. There is little direct information available as to the physical nature of such a star some years after the outburst. It is believed that it finally becomes a small faint star of extremely high density. Further observations are urgently needed, however, to establish this supposition on a firm foundation. The great light-gathering power of the 200-inch telescope will offer a reasonable prospect of definite information being obtained on this matter, which would prove of vital importance for theories of stellar evolution.

BEDLAM

BY ANNE STEWART

THE place is a veritable mad-house", Professor Stimson said one hot midsummer day, as he quietly left the uproarious abode of his daughter-in-law which was his home. He spoke without anger, for his disposition to be sweet-tempered, tolerant, kind ; and to have expressed, to himself, an opinion so truculent, proved that he had been goaded beyond the endurance of a naturally patient, able man.

That he was goaded beyond the limit of such an endurance was not to be considered surprising if it be known that for forty-seven years he had been trying to find the time and the quietude necessary for the writing of a book on higher mathematics, and for forty-seven years he had been, in this endeavour, thwarted. When a young man economic considerations had forced him to dash off works of sufficiently simple calibre, to be issued under titles such as *The Intelligent Man's Guide to the Mathematical Calculus* ; forced him to compose essays upon his subject for encyclopædias and special magazines ; forced him to teach, to tutor, to lecture, and to produce neat text-books on arithmetic and algebra for use in schools and colleges.

Throughout those years he had looked forward with sober hope to the time when, financial stability having been attained, he might concentrate upon his real aim, an epoch-making work of sheer mathematical genius. He did not suspect his genius. He merely knew that he carried in his head the burden of a book conceived, gestated, but unborn. This pregnancy, prolonged, had now become intolerable, for, having reached a time when it was no longer necessary for him to do hack-work in order to live, he found that, in order to bring forth his masterpiece, it was necessary for him to have, if not complete, then a certain amount of quiet.

But no quiet was obtainable in the house of his son and daughter-in-law, who were, he realized, a happy, healthy, normal couple, doing nothing of which their neighbours disapproved. In fact they led, so far as the casual observer could ascertain, the same sort of life as was led by everyone else in their road. For they had their two children, a boy and a girl in their teens, possessed between them a wireless set, a gramophone, a sports car, another car and a motor cycle, and the family was never happier or more united than when these several noise-producing instruments were all roaring or braying full blast, with themselves shouting to each other, shouting to friends, shouting to neighbours, all of whom shouted back with an equal willingness to raise the human voice above the din and clatter of mechanized cacophony, and who switched on with an equal delight in the deafening results, similar engines and machines, all of which added most magnificently to the marvellously unmethodical bombilations.

Patiently, hopefully, during many months, the Professor had been waiting for his son to put a stop to the worst, the more extreme element in this racket, but observation showed him that his son, as well as the others, was growing keener and more industrious both in the invention of ways and means for the increase of the volume of sound maintained by the instruments already in his possession, and in his plans and ideas for adding to the number and variety of those machines. The Professor's voice had not been heard since he went there to live, as it was physically impossible for him to raise it to the necessary pitch, excellent though it was for lecturing purposes and anxious though he was to be heard. Silently, therefore, he concluded that if he meant to write his book he must go, he must find somewhere quiet and undisturbing, even if in this desire he were considered abnormal and eccentric.

Consequently, on this hot midsummer day, he left a note which said :

"I have gone for a little holiday. Expect me when you see me."

He made his message brief, for he knew they would not read a communication of greater length, and he went.

Let it not be imagined that Professor Stimson, because he

ached a decision and acted upon it, was a man of action, practicable, capable, strong, for he was nothing of the kind. Indeed, so unpractical was he, so thoughtless, so vague, that he took with him no suit-case containing clothes and linen, no pens, ink, paper, or other writing materials; no money, except a half-a-crown which he did not know was in his pocket. He stood on the kerb, waiting to cross the road, when a bus drew up and the conductor cried :

" Come along, sir, hurry up ! "

And because he had always done what he had been told, he hurried and jumped on to that bus. The half-crown he had, and with it he took a ticket saying :

" Tell me where I must get down, will you, please ? "

Then he entered the cloisters of higher mathematics, and remained there, meditating undisturbed, until he was bidden to descend.

By this time he was in the country, but that he hardly noticed. After alighting from the bus he reached on foot a little wood in which there was a pool, and because as a boy he had always liked on hot days whenever he came to a pool, he proceeded to undress and bathe in this one. The cool water was most refreshing, and after he had dressed again he felt delightfully free. Someone with a nice, gentle voice said to him, " Come along, you'll be left behind ".

A pleasant person took him by the arm and led him to the motor, to a motor coach. He heard subdued talk and laughter, but it was not in the least disturbing. He sat on a springy seat and made obscure mathematical calculations. When the coach drew up at the door of a splendid mansion, he made no effort, he followed the crowd, and found himself in a spacious hall. There he stood, lost in intricate numericals, until the soft voice urged, " Come with me ".

He followed unresisting, and he was shown into a room, light, airy, clean, quiet.

" Is this my room ? " he asked, not daring to think that it might be.

" Yes, of course. This is your bed."

" May I remain here while I write my book on higher mathematics ? "

"Certainly", they told him.

"Might I, then, ask if you would be so kind as to let me have a pen, some ink, and foolscap?"

"I'll fetch it for you, and then you can write as much as ever you like!"

The Professor blinked. Afraid that the situation might prove too good to be true, he asked no more questions, and began at once to write his book.

His work grew apace. At last he was at peace, well looked after, undisturbed, for, by a lucky chance he had entered, as an inmate—a lunatic asylum. While he was bathing, a certified lunatic, not unlike him in appearance, had stolen his clothes, leaving his own in exchange, and had escaped. This lunatic's place the Professor had drifted into by allowing himself to be accommodated in the motor coach hired by the authorities for the annual summer outing given to the residents of a modern institution for the mentally deficient and insane.

Here for the Professor was asylum indeed. He was given whatsoever he desired, which was comparatively easy, his requests being confined to foolscap, blotting paper, pen-nibs, and ink. He was clothed in clean and comfortable, if peculiar, garments. He took his food without complaint, which was more than could be said for his companions. He was invariably polite and considerate towards the attendants, whom he mistook for well-trained servants, and the doctors he never failed to thank for their well-meant, kind attention.

As a result of this behaviour the entire staff agreed that he was definitely slipping downhill, and he was shifted to an even lighter, airier, pleasanter ward, where his companions were even quieter, more contemplative, and less noticeable than before.

All went very well for him until, towards the end of the first volume of his great work, he came to a problem, the solving of which he did not feel adequate to perform without the advice of his life-long friend, Dr. Edward Limpus, Professor of Experimental Philosophy at the University of Cambridge. Therefore he wrote to his friend explaining his uncertainty on a particular point.

Unfortunately, it is the custom in an institution for the insane for all letters, except those addressed to a Privileged Person, to

censored, and those which, in the opinion of the censor, are mere rubbish, may be destroyed. That is to say, had Professor Stimson been asking the Home Secretary or H.M. Commission in Lunacy for advice on this difficult mathematical problem, the letter would have been forwarded without delay, and, since it was addressed to a Cambridge don, it was opened and read by Dr. Harold Marchant, a worthy man, who remarked, "Poor old Finn !"

Finn was the name of the harmless lunatic who had exchanged his clothes for those of the Professor down by the pool.

"Poor old Finn", Dr. Marchant continued; "he's getting worse and worse. Ever since we took him for that outing he's been definitely deteriorating".

Thus Professor Stimson's letter, which contained a brilliant position, was destroyed.

A week passed and the Professor became uneasy. Never before had his life-long friend, Edward Limpus, failed to reply to a letter of his by return of post. He wrote again.

Again his letter was read and destroyed by Dr. Marchant, an admirable man, excellent at his job and most capable, but not particularly mathematical.

Still receiving no reply, Professor Stimson became agitated, and he decided that he had better take that wretched journey to Cambridge and ascertain both the whereabouts of his friend, and the latest shade of opinion concerning a certain equation. He asked if he might consult a railway time-table. He was supplied with a time-table immediately.

"I am going to Cambridge to-day", he said, "and it is possible that I may stay there for the night, but I will be back to-morrow".

Everyone was agreeable, no one seemed in the least perturbed, and he wanted him to state the exact hour of his return.

"How good these people are to me", he murmured, as he rolled down the drive, "and their garden is charming, really charming !"

He enjoyed his walk down that drive, it was a long drive with an avenue of beech trees which were bursting into leaf. No one was to stop him go. He had asked and had been told the way.

The railway station was not far from the gate, and the

Professor was just about to ask at the booking office for a return ticket, when a youthful porter came up and insisted, with a friendly smile, upon linking arms with him.

"My good man", the Professor exclaimed, "what do you think you are doing?"

"That's all right!" the porter replied. "You remember me, don't you—your old pal?"

Before he could say that he did not, another amicable porter had linked arms with him on his other side.

"Excuse me", protested the Professor, "but I am on my way to Cambridge".

"We know all about that, mate!" both the porters assured him. "We'll see that you get there! We know a short cut. Come on, Charlie!"

It would not be easy for the layman to distinguish the lunatic from the ordinary citizen, were it not for the difference in their dress. An ordinary lunatic will wear anything, anyhow, anywhere, but the normal person will not. In dress, the normal person is neat, calculating, dull. No lunatic is that. For instance, when Professor Stimson wore his own clothes, no one so much as hinted that he was even mentally deficient, but since he had been wearing the discarded garments of an escaped lunatic, no one had doubted for a moment his insanity. Even the two porters, after one look at his clothes, bore him without further consideration back to the asylum.

There, the excellent Dr. Marchant, soon upon the scene, took the situation in, as he thought, at a glance, and he, too, humoured the Professor verbally, telling him he, too, was assisting him to Cambridge, when actually he was edging him back into the ward. With an understanding smile he listened to all that Professor Stimson had to say, nodding affably when he mentioned his friend Dr. Limpus and experimental philosophy, saying, "Yes, yes, of course", when the Professor spoke of his book on high mathematics. The Professor even showed him a few of the earlier chapters of his remarkable work, which merely served to convince Dr. Marchant, ignorant of all but the most elementary calculæ, that his patient's brain had quite certainly entered upon the last stages of decay.

Exasperated by what he took to be Marchant's utter lack of

intelligence, the Professor said firmly that he really must go, with which statement Marchant agreed, but did his best to prevent his going, even to administering an injection of hyacine.

When Marchant next came to see him, the Professor had emerged from the effects of the drug, had grasped his predicament, and calmly, but afraid they would think he was raving, begged to be allowed to have a letter addressed to Dr. Limpus posted. Marchant, impressed by the consistency in a case regarded hitherto as inconsistent, promised that the letter should be sent. Imagine the surprised horror of Dr. Limpus on hearing from his old and admired friend Frederick Stimson, that he was being detained in an asylum for the insane.

Dr. Limpus was small, rotund, but dynamic. Shocked, he flew by aeroplane from Cambridge and landed in the asylum grounds. He insisted on being taken at once to see the Professor, who greeted, but distantly, his friend. Not until Limpus was alone with him did the Professor leap into sanity and discuss an intricate and subtle shade of thought with masterly precision. Towards the end of this discussion, Limpus said :

“ Why are you here ? ”

Stimson showed his manuscript. After glancing through half-a-dozen pages, Limpus, with delight, congratulated his friend, as well he might, for much of what he had read was to enter the views of all serious mathematicians in the world.

“ Don't let them know ”, hissed Professor Frederick Stimson, “ that my name's not Finn ”.

This remark did cause the estimable Limpus to regard his friend suspiciously.

“ Ssh ! ” Stimson warned him, “ I want to stay on here, and they think I'm Finn. If I don't remain in this quiet, this pleasant and peaceful atmosphere, I shall never be able to produce the five succeeding volumes ”.

Limpus chuckled.

“ I won't let on ! ” he whispered back. “ An asylum in need of an asylum indeed ! ”

The Professor smiled, and said without apology,

“ One might almost add—And so to Bedlam ! ”

DAYS IN CASTILE

BY V. S. PRITCHETT

IT was August, towards the end of the month. There was the usual dejected queue at the ticket office, sunk hopelessly in its own smell. One never knows until the very last moment whether one will be allowed to travel on a Spanish train. Whether one camps on the railway station for hours beforehand like a Spanish peasant or makes a last-minute rush for it, the doubt is the same. Here a French tourist nearly breaks down with exasperation, patting his pocket book, glancing feverishly at the clock, cursing the Spanish nation and craning his head to see if he can hurry the almost motionless queue which oozes like a torpid worm to its hole in the wall. Here an Englishman goes glassy-red with suppressed temper. In the course of time one learns that patience and resignation which Richard Ford urged upon all travellers in Spain. Indeed, one wonders if the Spaniards have not found that the art of achieving the good life lies in doing one thing at a time. Thought and action in Spaniards are always two different, carefully-separated and not simultaneous processes.

The Spaniards in the queue had all my fears about the train. They appealed to the police. The police were polite and sad and very tired. They were quite indifferent and always misinformed. Several times the police came up to tell the queue to move to the next window. When we had done that, we were at once told it was the wrong window and that we must move back again. We became infinitely stoical and resigned. We had arrived at that stage when one says, "What does it matter if I lose this train? I can travel tomorrow, or next week, or next year; or perhaps not at all; perhaps the whole idea of this journey is a mistake". This is a good state of mind to have anywhere in Spain. We could see the hands of the official working very slowly behind the wire of the ticket window.

slowly he dipped his pen into the congealed ink, slowly he scribbled on the forms, the papers, the tickets; suspiciously he scrutinized family photographs. Sometimes he would have the happiness of telling someone who had been told to wait in that queue for an hour that they had waited in the wrong one. In an emotional crisis like this he would get off his stool, re-light the cigarette-end which had stuck to his lower lip and gaze at the muddle of his office. Then slowly he came back again, unambulant, as if some wicked enchanter called the Spanish railway system had put a spell upon him. Poor man. One did not curse him. One did not say, "Here is a filthy official indulging the usual official love of power". One did not even think, "He is slow". One thought of *lo humano*, of human things. One wondered with Calderon if life were not a dream. Five minutes before the train arrives all ticket windows shut. Surrounded by the rabble that always hangs about Spanish stations, one then jumps the railings, breaks through the "Left Luggage" entrance to the platform and buys the tickets at the ticket offices' back entrance. This is the formal, the correct procedure.

Of course, in Spain as everywhere else, you can have everything you want, including seats in the best and fastest trains, if you will pay for them. That is to say you must pay luxury prices for what elsewhere are normal western European amenities. The distance between rich and poor is thus increased; and one sees the results of the improved standard of life which has been established in many Spanish towns during the last ten or twenty years is that that distance has been increased a great deal. Only the rich can benefit. It is impossible for a poor man, for example, to travel by a fast train, because that means travelling first class. Heaven knows the fast trains are not very fast, but the typical three-hour journey by fast train takes six hours by the trains which carry third-class passengers. Attempt any cross-country journey in Spain, except on those sporting little narrow-gauge railways of the Basque provinces and the Asturias, and it is difficult to get very far in under eighteen hours. First-class accommodation has been improved, third class is still as bad—and as friendly—as it ever was. The fact is that a middle-class revolution has taken place. But the Spanish bourgeois, whose inferiority complex is roused by all foreign things, is

ruining himself to get every modern convenience. He lives a life of the greatest financial precariousness. Corruption is inevitable. He has to bribe and to be bribed, he has got to get his "rake-off" somewhere or he cannot afford his amenities. And he has to keep the workers out of their share of the advantages of industrialism. It is a matter of common observation.

The Spanish middle-class—its educated minority apart—are vulgar, rapacious, ignorant and corrupt. One sees them in the new *trains de luxe*, which have been made for tourists, returning from the little down-at-heel beaches where they pass their two or three months' summer holiday. The peasants and workers travel all through the night third class and slow. Stopping at every station for hundreds of miles, the "tram" or mixed-goods-and-passenger train, slams on and on. It is the most interesting way to travel for the foreigner, and the most agonizing. But at least in the conversation of the journey one will not be bored by some wealthy, ill-educated, vulgar pseudo-European middle-class gang.

In San Sebastian trouble was beginning. Two men had been murdered for political reasons. One was an amiable hotel proprietor, a well-known figure who had distributed Fascist pamphlets; the other was the Socialist ex-chief of police. He had boasted he had come into power "revolver in hand"—he was late on the draw on this occasion. It is useless to counsel or expect moderation in Spanish political life. It is irrelevant to remind Spaniards that they are forgetting the decencies of true democracy, that they are disobeying the first rules of parliamentary government and so on. They have never had these delights. No pretence was ever made by either party that such rules or decencies meant anything to them. Moderation is not an element of Spanish life. Their life swings between two extremes: that of violence and that of monotony, torpor, apathy. Political apathy and religious violence are encouraged and believed in by the Catholic parties. The Spaniard thinks in terms of absolutes and ultimates; compromise in the sense of the middle course cannot exist. The alternative to the dynamic ultimate is the negative and inert. Death is very often on their lips. Every man and woman from the immense families, mourns the death of many brothers and sisters. In the churches

ry worship above all the *death* of Christ. They are familiar with the wounds and bruises—carefully painted on by pious artists—of the dying Christ. At an early age women enter into a state of permanent mourning. “Death to the priests! Death to the Socialists.” And the old jingle:

Free thought I loudly proclaim to all

And death to him who does not think as I do.

is both an ultimate and a convention. The consequence is that no one is very surprised when a shot goes off and death occurs.

The train passed out of the grey, humid air of the green hills of the Basque provinces into the mountains of Alava. This is the southernmost of the Basque provinces, its mountains are higher and dramatic, its plains more majestic than the little walled-in valleys of the coast. One feels already the influence of Castile. These mountains were the scene of some of the cruellest scenes of the Carlist Wars in the last century. Now there were reports of separatist skirmishes. Here a Civil Guard killed, here a worker. One wondered why in this beautiful country people were preparing to fight. Ten years ago, wandering through Spain in the remote villages, I met always the same thing, the hatred of the priests, and—it was the same thing really and not a religious thing—the feeling against the boss. Such feeling cannot arise unless the conditions of society are changing. Now, after ten years, the outcry was against those who had driven out the priests and the king. This was, of course, in the very Catholic Basque province and in the most conservative part of Castile, so we must make that allowance; but cynicism and apathy had returned. How could anything be said for a Republic which had disappointed all hopes by putting into power the type of men who, because of their history, must betray the things the Republic had stood for? Smash it up, do anything you like with it, throw it away, was the mood of everyone. Another ideal Constitution had become the charter of excuses. I think the Left were very conscious when they took up arms that they would perhaps smash themselves and the Republic irretrievably. I think they subconsciously felt that their honour as well as their intransigence demanded martyrdom. I am always glad to get out of the Basque provinces into Spain.

One crosses into Castile near Miranda ; an engine is attached to the end of the train to push it up the Pancorbo Pass on to the tableland. There it is, Azorin's " Castile that cannot see the sea", buttressed by mountains, and lying at an average altitude of anything from 2,000 to 4,000 feet. Hundreds of miles of steppe and those maritime provinces snapping at it, straining to break the leash, to be rid of the authority of this bleak and monotonous country whose language and culture have been imposed for centuries.

The plateau of Castile must be the most awe-inspiring steppe in the world—measureless, without intimacy, and austere. It is nearly treeless. As the train jogs along one can almost count the trees. In the northern province of Burgos they are relatively plentiful, but even here they are chiefly poplars following the roads or the course of some wide and scarcely more than ankle-deep river bed. In a shadeless plain which looks at that time of the year as if it had been taken out of a kiln, one walks from tree to tree, dipping oneself with joy in each blot of shadow. At Valladolid is a weird, monotonous and haunted region of umbrella pines. They extend like some grotesque and resinous fungus for mile after mile in a country of burned grasses ; but people in Valladolid, which is a prosperous grain-warehousing city, have built themselves little villas in these pines. They go out into the country—for shade.

Pancorbo is like that gate of rock into the Sahara which one comes to, travelling south, on the road to Biskra. From the Spanish pass as from the African, one is entering a sun-cracked and wind-split country, frozen and often snowbound in winter and white-hot in summer. The flat-topped hills that stretch for tens of miles are like white-hot slag heaps with the tops planed off. Here a church tower, slightly yellower than the soil, will stand up tall, with the prison-like rectangle of the nave behind it ; and near it, only just discernible against the earth, the adobe walls of a village. These Castilian villages seem hardly more than heaps of clay raked together on the plain. And on the side of the slag heap of hill above these villages will be the cave dwellings of the very poor. Smoke coming from holes in the ground indicates their chimneys.

They were threshing the corn in the outlying parishes. They

are threshing all day and late into the evening when the shepherds brought down their tinkling herds of goats. The women had their black handkerchiefs tied under their chins and the dark-faced men were in little berets. In one field they were beating the corn with flails, in another it was being trampled by donkeys, in another a donkey was turning a portable threshing machine. The grain was piled up in conical heaps in the fields and the chaff near by. There was no straw, but only a fine chaff which looked as if it had been chewed. The women sweep it up from the floor of the field with brooms; and then it is loaded on those long, narrow two-wheeled carts whose sides have been made high with poles and safe from leakage with sacking. Before and after the harvest these pink and blue carts are hooded; and over the roads the straggling mule teams or the yoked and gentle bullocks draw them. But now the hoods were off.

There is an open space near the cathedral in Burgos called the *Pana de Afuera*, and it has a passage-way leading into an ancient courtyard where there are several taverns and *posadas*. The cathedral wall is at one end of it and bears the inscriptions which will be found on every church and convent now in Spain, "Viva el Comunismo", and the rival one "Viva Dios. Long live God". One must be remembered that in Spain God belongs to one political party. This proprietary interest is no doubt a relic from that passionate enmity with the Moors, when the opponents were inevitably heathens; it accounts for the famous question put to foreigners, "Are you a Christian or a Protestant?" And they have a saying in Burgos, too, that in winter the wind is so cold that one does not see a *Christian* in the street. But to turn to the Square. I had a room in the flat of a taxi-driver. It had seven large rooms, each containing a bed and nothing more. In the mornings I used to watch the grain carts come in to deliver the grain at the storehouses built underneath the houses. The cries of men used to wake me up. Going to the window and putting my hand on the sill, I would feel the sun ready like a hot brass weight on the hand. (One can feel the *weight* of the sun in Spain.)

Very early the square was filled with carts and the air was thick with grain and chaff dust. Yoked cows and bullocks—those fawn and brindled ones with long curved horns and large

liquid eyes, which look as if they have been made up by an actor's eyebrow pencil—came into the square, their drivers walking backwards before them and guiding them with a touch of the hazel wand on the yoke. The gentleness and art of this act give a dignity and lightness to the appearance of a drover which a man digging his spurs into mule or pony, or whacking at a donkey's hind legs can never have. It is said that Spaniards treat animals badly, but I have never seen a bullock, an ox or a cow badly treated. They are touched with gentleness as if the very lightness of the touch gave the beasts and themselves indescribable pleasure. The peasants are brutal to mules and they overload donkeys, but the bull seems almost to be a sacred animal. Even in the ring he is submitted, not to brute cruelty, but to a ritual. These fawn bullocks are in use all over the north; 150 miles further south there are no bullocks, but black oxen treading like kings. In Andalusia, the silver donkey.

Mules and donkeys came also into the square and sprightly men on ponies. The men in their black corduroy clothes and cheap violet shirts from the factories of Catalonia, burned by the sun to the colour of the soil, men of adobe rather than men of flesh, pieces of earth walking, staggered under the sacks of their grain and buyers came out to open up and take samples. The women stood on top of the piled sacks screeching like magpies. One morning there was a scream. The yoked bullocks of a cart took fright, moved abruptly and threw a man from the cart and dragged the wheel on him. The bullock kicked out. A young man ran in and pulled the beast off, and the peasant got up from the dust, bruised and covered with blood. He staggered about pale and startled. His wife gave the bullock a kick in vengeance. The bullock kicked back. There was no more scene than that. Many hours later I saw the man at a tavern with blood congealed in branches all over his face. That night, I suppose, he went to the tavern next door to the taxi-driver's flat and where all the harvesters went to sit on the benches before the immense tuns of wine, to shoot the harsh red wine down his throat from a wineskin and to get roaring drunk. The peasants of Burgos are given to drunkenness.

Then I remembered that in September when the harvest is taken in and in all the villages there are fiestas and bull-fights

there is nothing to do—I remembered that this is the time for political disturbances. Every year it happens. Every year in September. Sometimes it is serious, as this year it proved to be—sometimes it is very little. And usually it all comes to an end when work has to be begun again. The energies of Spain are sporadic and not continuous.

Were these peasants of the province of Burgos oppressed? Hardly. They were emaciated, starved-looking, rigid and challenging with pride, fibrous, tough and reserved. They were people seeking to live on the least that could sustain life. They had neither the money nor use for any new thing. They owned their own land. It is divided among families; every yard of the soil is accounted for and grows little else but corn, and keeps a few pigs and chickens. There is nothing more. Their buildings are “uneconomic” and poor in one of the richest wheat lands of the world. But the land is theirs.

So there is no unrest and there is bitter opposition to anything which means change. Change, after all, comes from the towns, and between the townsman and the peasant there is the traditional primitive enmity. The peasants of Burgos work in the fields from morning to night until they die; they are frugal, religious, harsh, proud, and given to drunkenness. They are not like the peasants of Leon or Toledo, or Salamanca, whose life is richer and more graceful; but they have the primitive tree-trunk dignity of their kind. They do not cringe before the pert and broken population of an industrial slum. The Catholic Right draws its support from these people, who hate what little they know of the modern world.

One meets strange examples of ignorance. I fell in with a young man who was out of work and had tramped some two hundred miles, he said, in search of it. He was a builder by trade. You may have a job on the roads, but supposing you are apprenticed to a builder, you would describe yourself not as an employed road worker but as an unemployed builder. He told me he supposed I was a traveller like himself, and asked me what village I came from. “Ah, England”, he nodded thoughtfully. He was a lithe young man with curly dark hair and the liquid seignorial eyes of a goat. “Now let me see”, he said. “That village must be in Gibraltar?”

I did not let him down. It might have done him harm to know where England was.

"Yes", I said. "But there is another part of it the other side of France."

Now I could see he was completely baffled, and we sat awkwardly in silence. Then he asked:

"And do you eat well in your country?"

It is the cry of all peasant Spain. Do you eat well? Here one eats well! Here the food is good! Here there is good water! And they mean by eating well, eating a good bellyfull, lining oneself against the winter cold, making up in quantity for what may be lacking in frills. Can one stuff till one can eat nothing more? Everyone with whom I scraped casual acquaintance in Burgos and Avila and later, in the remote villages of the Gredos, was careful to tell me about the *quantity* of food one could get.

In the mornings I used to walk down the cool tree-roofed avenues which follow the river into the steppe. The autumn crocuses were growing under the trees; there was a fine faint hair of grass on the earth in the shade. There is no pleasure in the world equal to that of walking down easy corridors of shade in a hot country. One feels one is walking on the floor of a cool, weightless pool of water, and above is the surface where the leaves are breaking against the sky. People who pass glide silently like beings in an aquarium. In the sun one fights; only in the shade does one live.

From the barracks at mid-day came a troop of beggars, each with a pilchard tin full of steaming stew, which had been begged from the regimental kitchen. On the road one meets twos and threes of these beggars going up to the Carthusian monastery for the daily free meal. They are mostly ragged, hawk-eyed scarecrows, red with the dust of the road; but now and then there is a puzzling one. There was, for example, a strong young man with a boxer's chest waiting at the monastery with the rest. Already he was marked with the dignity and reserve of the profession. But why had he chosen the most arduous of lives? From what ascetic motive? It was fitting, I thought, that he should be fed by the twittering, kindly, sly little Carthusian monk, so vain of his finger nails and his bad French, who

saws one round the monastery. Again, there came a man and woman, an aged couple, bent double, but covered with genial

They came along banging their thick sticks, gabbling, and a man laughing into a Tolstoyan beard. He and the old woman came over the rough stones of the hill at a startling pace, claiming with the heartiness of their appetite and obviously going forward to the good meal to which every step brought them nearer. With them was a pale girl, a child hardly more than fifteen years old, barefooted and dressed in black. She looked blankly and said nothing, while the crones puffed and bleated. Where had they come from? Where were they going? Who was the child? Was the child sent round the cafés at night to whine, "For the love of God give me alms" or to steal sugar from the tables? And to jump away as quick as a flea when the waiter snapped his napkin at her?

In the summer, life in Castile does not begin to be endurable until sundown. As darkness came I would go down from the Duke's castle noting how little illumination the city gave; there was no glow hovering above it in the sky. The night comes down naked into the streets. On the street walls electric lamps dribbled a weak light; by the gardens where the road is closed to traffic the lights were bigger. Between the lights swinging on their wires in the evening breeze was the slaty greenness of the Spanish night, a blueness that is blank, vacant and inhospitable. A bleak, exposed, uncomfortable town in a bleak comfortless night. But the whole town was in the streets, and hundreds of people scraped round and round in the *paseo*, the women and girls arm-in-arm, the soldiers and citizens following them and talk shouted back and forth over the shoulder. The garrison band played. In the crowded cafés people were drinking iced beer. Here a soldier wrote a letter, here an elderly bourgeois smoked his cigar. The bootblacks pestered, the chins watched the sugar on the tables, a child beggar wagged his amputated arm in one's face, the town dandies laughed, and there was an enormous, cumbersome stage-animal the crowd wallowed. There were no mantillas as in Avila, there were few peasants; there were not, as in the Gredos village, the smells of half-a-dozen different kinds of excrement.

One might have been sitting in Chichester—but a Chichester

escaped from its dismal Anglican gentility and become at once more harsh and more humane. It was good to be about in Burgos at that hour ; it is unspeakably desolate and melancholy in Chichester in the evenings when the shops have closed. One enjoys in England a thing called privacy. It is a social privacy, a curious distance put between people, not, I believe, by what is called our native English reserve, but by restraints of middle-class gentility. Heaven knows the Spanish middle-classes are stiffened with the same snobbishness, but in Spain all men are equal in the streets, and there distance vanishes. The people are in communion, they are blended by the crowd, they are merged. Walking in the streets of Burgos a man will feel he is a native of Burgos and that there is no better place in the eyes of God. He will boast of it. Whatever his town, he will boast of it. He will know what its essence is ; the sensation of it will pass out of the earth into the soles of his feet and possess him. He will be more passionately stirred by the thought of his native town than he will be by the thought of his country. This town, indeed, is his only country. The torpid man mooning along in that congenital mindlessness and psychic vacuum which is the Spaniard's dominant mood, will sparkle as if a current has been switched on in his eyes when his town is mentioned. Just as in argument he will extend his chest, put his hand on his heart and declaim like an actor, " I, for my part . ." meaning " I, a world, a separate planet, responsible only to the ultimate, anarchic, unorganizable, irreducible, ME ".

And as the hundreds of separate Spanish planets went by, each on the invisible course of his own musings, breathing the warm evening air with its odours of tobacco and oil, sour charcoal and sweet aniseed, I wondered whether we were going to see, in the next weeks revolution or reaction. " Bad people in power "—they were saying this sooner or later as I always remember them saying. " The same dogs, but with different collars." " The same coat, but turned inside out." And against that, on the walls of the church in the Gredos, " Wives ! If you want your husbands to get no more than a penny an hour, Vote for the Right ! " And in a lavatory, " Viva Dios. Long live God." It looks, as I write in mid-October, as though God had won, for many wives are burying their husbands this week.

AIR DEFENCES AND ROAD TRANSPORT

BY MERVYN O'GORMAN, C.B., D.Sc.

THE French air manœuvres which ended on July 27th this year were reported on by General Duchène, who directed the operations. The town of Lyons was attacked by air, and his account of its defence contains a passage significant to all townsmen. Having praised the intelligent tactics of the defending aircraft and anti-aircraft artillery, he recommends particularly the system, obvious perhaps, yet strangely new, of evacuating the "redundant" civilian population! All such persons were notified, prior to the warning of enemy aircraft approach, of a point outside the town *to which they must* go when the alarm came to be sounded.

Enough importance was attached to this "passive defence" scheme by Marshal Pétain, the Inspector-General of Air Defences, and by his Committee, to induce them to draft a Bill within a few days of receiving the report, making provision for the plan to be used in the defence of Paris, albeit the task would be incomparably greater. Pending acceptance of this Bill, £260,000 has already been granted to the Police for works of permanent utility to the "passive defence" organization. Studies of the preparations needed for sending the redundant civilian population out of Paris, and the planning of underground shelters in public gardens, private gardens and open spaces are in hand—also is the provision and regulation of the use of gas masks for the citizens.

In England, the gas mask aspect of "passive defence" will assuredly not be entirely overlooked, for the British Red Cross have lately issued instructions for their use, and suggested the employment of specially ventilated cellars wherein gas masks can be removed to allow of taking nourishment and the like.

Whenever "passive defence" procedures are possible they are logical enough, since we know that whatever may be the

military targets truly (or ostensibly) aimed at by the enemy, his pre-eminent objective in most air bombardments of towns is to shake the morale of the civilian population. Popular morale after gas and explosive bombardment is likely to be appreciably sustained if the people, instead of cowering in their cellars or gazing helplessly at their ceilings, are busy carrying out orders, among the most understandable of which would be a pre-organized exodus of certain sections. This activity will occupy the mind and steady it, and tend to bring home to all the sense that the contingencies have been sympathetically foreseen. People would be encouraged also when they discovered that their regulated movements had been carefully related to the home military activities; they would note, for example, that the falling showers from the defenders' own "Archie" shells were so directed as not to imperil those citizens who might be taking part in an organized move.

We have also foreseen how greatly the main intention of air attackers to demoralize non-combatants is likely to be thwarted by the publication of truthful and inspiringly worded reports of successful or valiant fights in the air, and by accounts of enemy bombers turned back or brought down in flames. To be able to do this an impressive force of defending aircraft and guns is needed. They have been applied for, and to the tune of an additional £20,000,000 agreed to, this year. These weapons will not only hamper the enemy's movements but fortify the conviction among civilians that we are prepared.

The putting into use of gas masks in accordance with some known plan found to have been carefully pre-arranged (say eight millions of them for a town like London) would assuredly help in delaying panic. What is not so sure is whether their encouraging psychological effect would peter out if the attack were sufficiently protracted to force home on all their intense inconvenience.

The view has been sanely advocated that we must look for and can (from analogy with the past growth of defensive mechanisms) expect the invention of some new scientific defensive procedure, which may enable us to count on deflecting a good proportion of enemy air raiders from reaching the military marks in town—official buildings, railway stations,

munition factories and the like. This may come to be true and we promptly restore the heavy cuts so unwisely made in Research. But pending this and for the protection of Norfolk, the Lyons experiment indicates another line of action. If by means of intelligent and ample preparations we make the attackers feel that their fundamental designs against the "will-to-fight" of the citizens are known and have been so well foreseen that they are pretty sure to be thwarted, the enemy may ask himself if the game is worth the candle. It may well be possible, in addition, to protect the military parks and targets so as to reduce the inducement for an attack on a vanishing point. In other words, a thorough foresight and adequate bolstering of non-combatant psychology may be tantamount to a substantial, or even a complete, annulment of a part of the enemy's warfare. If the walls of Jericho are stable pyramids why blow trumpets round them?

Considerations such as these may lead someone to envisage the application to London of the Lyons scheme of evacuating civilians. London is, however, distinguished by such a tangle of ill laid-out streets that whoso contemplates even the most partial evacuation will be faced with a very grave problem. It is not the presence within the town area of the Air Office, the Admiralty, or the War Office, in exposed positions, well camouflaged, that need cause him the greatest anxiety, but the fact that a quarter of England's population lives within the vulnerable London target. What he has to apprehend is the growth among that crowd of a mental atmosphere as unreasoning as claustrophobia—an anxiety tinged with terror—arising among people who, though unhurt, have become acutely conscious that they and their children cannot quit the bombed area. They cannot quit for the same reason that prevented their getting home after the Jubilee and other processions. The London of today cannot evacuate redundant citizens because of the congestion of the streets, which will promptly block all vehicular and even pedestrian movement unless we proceed systematically to create a plan of genuine town arteries in peace time.

No one doubts that many of the attacking aeroplanes will have been deflected by the gallant fighters of our augmented Air Force from reaching Whitehall, or the docks, or the War

Office, etc. That, however, is not enough. When in the urgency of their flight some enemy bombers, departing with the gas or incendiary missiles intended for Whitehall, shall have jettisoned them over, say, Clerkenwell, or Willesden, or Streatham, they will still score a point against civilian morale. These missiles, although discarded, will yet instil the sense of "frightfulness" in varying degrees over the whole town from Woolwich to Balham, or Mayfair. Nor can the spread of such news be stopped by censors. I recall an occasion in the Great War when the maroons which gave us our air raid warnings were sent up, and I was huddled off with many other citizens into what shelters were to be found in the shops of Jermyn Street. One detail of that occurrence that made a lasting impression was the peculiar ring of the forced laughs of those among us who were seeking to disguise anxiety. They abundantly revealed the fear they derided: yet on that day the cause of it all was only the approach from the coast of one of our aeroplanes carrying General Trenchard—who by some misunderstanding had not been pre-announced. How many of the citizens thus alarmed ever heard of the extreme innocuousness of this particular "bombshell"?

From the time when the first taste of bombardment, a touch of gas, a few dead, a house or two in flames and a hole in the road have made their impression on any great town the psychological problem has to be considered. The public mind becomes a fertile soil, easily harrowed to a receptive condition for accepting the bad seed. The plant that germinates is toxic, and one of the illusions of the intoxication is that the danger seems interminable, illimitable, intolerable, and omnipresent. We exaggerate our chance of being hit much as we exaggerate our chance of a win in the fatuous Irish Sweepstake that costs us millions a year. This exaggeration is all the more instinctive among people who not only feel their homes to be unsheltered but know that their persons, their children and their womenfolk are confined to the danger area. Protective measures to be heartening must be closely brought home to the persons protected, and for this there are few better ways than giving them an active part. If they can be induced to take action under direction—be it but the energetic movement of their persons

dependents to a different if not a very safe place—their movements and thoughts are less likely to develop into the furious rushes and desperate decisions of panic.

London (the world's largest and most findable air target, a mark that cannot be missed whatever the cloud, fog, or other atmospheric conditions, or from whatever height aim may be taken) requires no less than Paris, for the sustaining of its "will resist", that the population shall on no account feel like the helpless before the pole-axe—inescapably held under an untimed downpour of poisonous, fire-spreading, wounding, and death-dealing hail.

Release from this sense of confinement is not out of the question, but it involves something more than defensive gunnery and well-prepared defending aircraft. It involves the making of a general street plan directed to obtain traffic fluidity. It is impossible. It is probably economical. It can surely be synthetic. If we recognize that our normal destruction and reconstruction of town buildings is immense and is continuous, we should gradually re-erect our houses to a town plan of roads leading into ring arteries arranged to permit of adequate and continuous traffic flow instead of the present crossings and crossings, light controls, and hold-ups. We cannot have the Champs Elysées, the Etoile with its radial roads, or the Paris boulevards—but we can have something better. The non-stop roundabout is a miniature and a forerunner of this better plan. The function and service of a roundabout may be obtained from any ring road, viz., to accept inflow from all angles, into a circulating vortex, and to carry round each item to its desired place of exit from the vortex. The tonnage of traffic that a non-stop road, straight or circular, can convey in twenty-four hours is not only greater than that which can be counted for by a double line of express railway in the same interval, but it can accept, without pause, inflowing traffic at road junctions along its whole length—not only at stations. The traveller by road, unlike the passenger in a railway carriage, is not immobilized by finding a shell hole in his path, for he has ready access to side tracks which circumnavigate such a shell hole.

Various schemes of arteries have been suggested for London's

traffic relief—whether star roads radiating from St. Paul's or the bold diversion of the Thames from its bed to make a central artery. Any plan is better than the humiliating No Plan—which is accepted now as a way of disgruntling nobody. For myself I would prefer to give London the three concentric arterial ring-roads that would be most useful in peace, and would offer the best prospect of evacuating the essentially redundant civilian population. The destructions for this might be deemed by some to be too big a task to be entertained solely as a preparation against sudden war. This would be the view of all those who consider war too unlikely to be worth spending money upon. But the proposal would look different if it were found that the expenditure involved would be productive expenditure, war or no war.

There is a reasonable hope that a survey and estimates of gains and costs may prove such a plan to be economic, and it can be urged in favour of such a survey, valuable for defence, that it is an entirely non-aggressive form of war preparation. It seems possible that much of the clearance required for the arterial ring highways could be made to coincide with certain of the slum clearances (for which some £35,000,000 sterling has already been agreed as under the head of social service). If, as I believe, considerably improved conditions of traffic flow can be induced by providing proper arteries, these would contribute appreciably to reducing our peace-time road deaths and maimings, thus giving us not only a humanitarian but a valuable financial reward for our investment. London's 40,000 yearly casualties and 1,000 yearly deaths on the road are not only pitiful—they are enormously expensive in medical efforts and in lost work hours.

There is also a money value to be saved by the unfreezing of London's insufferable time-wasting hold-ups and traffic delays. No one can say how much of the £25,000,000 per year that is the estimated value of workers' time loss annually in London from traffic delays will be thus retrieved, but the saving may well run into millions. Ring arteries, the innermost of which would pass near the eleven terminal railway stations, would deflect from the hub all "through", or long-distance, road traffic and all traffic between these railway stations, and to that extent relieve

of the perpetual, and regrettable, expense of widening the streets in the historic centre of London. If there is before the authorities some other promising town plan designed to overcome local opposition and to secure the urgently needed relief of traffic congestion, it has been kept surprisingly secret. I am sure there is not. If there is not, then the aeronautical opportunities offered by the ring artery scheme warrant that parliamentary powers be taken to study, survey, and estimate it. Once this survey is done and interpreted with vision, the arteries will assuredly come into existence.

No suggestion is here made that a substantial fraction of the millions of London can be distributed inland in a few hours on warning of air attack, or even that they could be housed with their relatives, or in lodgings in the counties if they were needed. Passive resistance measures are directed to delaying military decision and so allowing active defence and retaliation to develop and be felt, for aircraft and munitions take time to make. To the town in war there would result such a manifold loss of traffic fluidity that the shelters, the dressing stations, the medical services, the food services, would be made available for the town. The pandemonium of a crowd of vehicles jammed together inextricably in the hub of London with their passengers screaming in a lake of poison, tear, and mustard would need not then confront us.

I have alluded to the aeronautical advantage of a proper town plan, notably the ring artery plan. One of its merits from the point of view of both peace and war is the fillip it must give to aerial development, by enhancing the utility and speed of internal air communications—with the consequent growth of a civilian air fleet, the attendant prosperity, efficiency, and increased producing power of our aircraft factories. The linking of three concentric arterial roads round the hub of central London, connected by the radial avenues which pass near the stadiums, would bring to all London's business men possibilities of using the air which are at present denied them.

Distances must nowadays be measured by time. The business man from Clerkenwell who today would travel to Birmingham could get there in an hour, does not fly, because it takes him nearly an hour to get to Croydon before he can start for

Birmingham. The flight to Paris may be two and a half hours but over a third of this time interval must be added for getting to the jumping-off place. In brief, "time proximity" to aerodromes is the *sine qua non* of a successful air development such as we gravely need if we are to keep our place in the economic world—and in the world at war. Towns must have ring arteries connecting to direct radial avenues branched off towards aerodromes in the near country. Just now all road transit is under a cloud, but for all that the road must become the handmaid of the air if the intrinsic merit of air speed is to be fully utilized. And it must be.

We needed about 1,000 aeroplanes a month to make up the wastage during the last war—we shall need not less but more in the future. We shall need none at all unless we are prepared enough to enable our population to hold out against the sudden air onslaught that all authorities seem to regard as the most probable and most dangerous opening gamut of the next war. We cannot create the factories for such an output on the spur of the moment, but we can create them in peace time if we develop our civil air power. To develop our civil air power we must have free road access to aerodromes, for thus only shall we get aeroplanes into use as freely as taxicabs and private cars.

It has been suggested that when science makes us autogyros that alight vertically on to a London house top, we shall need no aerodromes. We shall get these aircraft immediately, but the elimination of aerodromes is a dream which ignores the whole problem of approach; of air traffic control for large numbers; of fog, rain, and snow, and also of fuelling. Anyon who expects to see 1,000 perfected autogyros under individual control alight simultaneously on an aerodrome is preparing for disappointment. So the aerodrome will remain. Easy, swift access to it by small transport units by road will remain an essential for an air-utilizing population, and there is little doubt that a very swift and quite silent aeroplane is to figure in our future lives, almost as freely as the motor vehicle does at the present time. Its arrival depends on town planning and arterial roads.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IR. LLOYD GEORGE'S extreme provocativeness as an historian has one great merit: it stimulates the world to renew acquaintance with much that was obscured. For instance, we get back not only to the author of the phrase, but to the moment of its origin when we read "democratic" Government President Wilson's pronouncement about making the world safe for democracy. The fulfilment has been ironical, and we have General Smuts's counter-aphorism about the need to make democracy safe for the world. Nobody doubts that we (meaning by "we" all nations of European civilization) are living dangerously; yet nobody ought, I think, to dispute that the world is more democratic than it was before the war. Governments, and the whole organization of society, are aristocratic, less oligarchic, and less plutocratic. Mr. Lloyd George, to return to him for a moment, notes that the choice of him for Prime Minister was distasteful to many, because he was the first "ranker" to hold that high office. All his predecessors had received the hall-mark of Oxford or Cambridge, or of the British Army. Only in that sense was he a "ranker"; in another sense, for instance, it would have seemed quite natural that a man who had been qualified to practice as a lawyer and had very considerable ministerial experience should be chosen as head of the Government. Perhaps that is why he, though a democrat by origin, did nothing to endanger democracy. Elsewhere, the two most powerful persons in Europe are men from the people, both of whom during the war served in the ranks and only in the ranks. To that extent Germany and Italy are "democratically" governed, though British democracy regards these democrats as

men who have put democracy in chains. The preference of its official spokesmen seems to be, at least in theory, for the Russian type of democracy, where such a stamp as Oxford and Cambridge set, or are supposed to set, on individuals, would exclude the man so branded from a political career. However, nothing in the world seems to me less likely than that Great Britain should go Russian. The question of interest is whether it will conform to the impulse now so widespread in the world and seek to realize the popular will by putting itself blindly and unreservedly into the control of one man who has captured the popular imagination.

Consider its extension. In my country the only likelihood of deposing Mr. de Valera appeared to lie in getting a rival who made the same sort of appeal, and Mr. de Valera tried, but failed, to nip General O'Duffy's pretensions in the bud. Yet the job has been done for him by General O'Duffy's own allies, and Ireland remains democratically at Mr. de Valera's disposal. That is a matter of interest merely to three or four million Irish, and I only refer to it by way of illustration ; but look at democracy in America. The United States understands clearly what is meant by Mr. Roosevelt's " New Deal ", they have a monopoly of that knowledge. But after the system (if it can be called a system) had had two years' trial, the masses of their electorate renewed and even increase their vote of confidence in a man who has inspired trust. They know at least that he has not feared to denounce " predatory wealth " ; they believe that he is determined to shake the power of that plutocratic oligarchy which, without control of the official administration, powerfully influenced American life ; and so they determine, democratically, as far as in them lies, to give him a free hand.

Then there is France. So far back as last August, French electors were complaining that M. Doumergue had been given a *carte blanche*, and was making no use of it. The **France and Doumergue** did not stop to reflect how different the position was there from that which had existed four months earlier ; they knew that he had asked them to wait, and

did not like waiting. Now they have all been taken most into M. Doumergue's confidence—broadcasting offers a wonderful machine for the man who has a plain story to tell. A human being could have put the issues at stake more plainly before his people than did this old veteran. His colleagues adopted four-fifths of the proposals which he put forward, but rejected the essential one—precisely the right of appeal to the democracy which with us is vested in a Prime Minister. So M. Doumergue goes out. The professional politicians have won this round. In their opinion, the public safety demands that a member of parliament when elected shall be able to count on four clear years' tenure, and may vote as he pleases, on general principle, without fear of losing his seat. He is bound only by the interests of his constituency. Frankly, there is something to be said for the professional politicians. Critics of English political life are very severe on the subservience to party discipline which is expected of members of the House of Commons. French Deputies are not by any means so amenable to the government whips, since the government may go, but they stay. In defending the dignity and independence of popular representatives the French politicians may possibly be doing service to the true interests of democracy. Unfortunately, however, France is by no means convinced that the votes of deputies, when they turn against a government that they have previously supported, are votes dictated by pure patriotism. Briefly, there is suspicion of corruption. On the other hand, in England, though every one knows how whips control the lobbies, there is a general belief in the integrity of members. This is a side-issue, but an important one, because of its bearing on the main question. According to French professional politicians, it is dangerous to trust a Minister with the right to demand a dissolution, because a powerful man with the gift of oratory, assisted by skilful organisation, may raise the cry of "The State in danger", and so become a Mussolini or a Hitler. Against this danger, the Socialist Radical party has determined to defend French democracy. They may, it seems to me, find themselves in some peril: democracy may not wish to be defended as if it were a child forbidden to have dangerous toys.

It is admitted that nobody regarded M. Doumergue with suspicion ; yet the same cannot be said of M. Tardieu, whose

**A Bad Day
for France**

proposals, set out in a remarkable book, M. Doumergue had adopted, as being necessary to provide a government strong enough against external dangers, since nobody in France disputes the existence of such danger. I do not believe that the country in its present temper is so concerned for the possible menace of Fascism from within as to desire an executive permanently weak and a corps of representatives unassailably entrenched. M. Doumergue's name stands high ; to be brutally plain, the name "deputy" does not. If disinterested patriotism is to be looked for, France will be more ready to see it in M. Doumergue than in those who have refused his guidance. Marshal Pétain goes out, saying that he feels too old to remain Minister of War ; meaning that if M. Doumergue is too old to carry authority, so is he. It is a bad day's work for France and for Europe ; and the gentlemen who could not see their way to accept M. Doumergue's compromise may soon be reminded of the answer given by an Irish priest to an importunate controversialist who pressed for a reason why he should accept the doctrine of purgatory. "Because", said Father Healy, "you may go further and fare worse".

Certainly it is not reassuring to reflect that less than two months divide us from what must be a critical time for Europe, and that in these two months France may quite probably have two more changes of ministry. Herr Hitler gives fair words, but it will be some time before assurances from that quarter can be trusted. Meanwhile, it is accepted by Great Britain that if the international police force in the Saar needs to be reinforced, the duty of reinforcing it will be left to France. *The Times* has pointed out with great justice that if such help is given when asked for by the League's Commissioner, France will be acting on behalf of the League. Let us hope that in such a case the British Government will be quick to make this plain ; but assurance would be a deal more satisfactory than even the most confident anticipation. Even assuming that the plebiscite goes through smoothly, danger will not be ended : for if the Saar should elect to remain as it is, there will be fury in Germany,

se consequences would be incalculable ; and if it votes for
 urn to Germany, then France has a claim for large payments,
 ch Germany may not be willing to honour. In short, if the
 nning of February finds matters no worse than they are now,
 be will be cause for thanksgiving.

a Germany Herr Hitler has acknowledged defeat. Protestant
 rchmen facing oppression for conscience' sake have won a
 great victory. He deserves some credit for the
 Hitler Bows
 o Opinion surrender ; it requires courage in an autocrat to
 shrink from a fight with conscience. Moreover,
 displayed insight ; the position of a Catholic at the head of
 ate mainly Protestant must always be delicate ; and when the
 e proceeds to depose Protestant bishops because they will
 accept a new version of their religion, this delicacy grows
 cal. For a last complication, Protestant resisters were
 ing all the moral support of the Catholics ; and Protestants
 at have begun to remark that no similar attempt was made to
 rferre with the discipline of that church to which Herr Hitler
 onged. Yet it is possible that this surrender would never have
 m made but for the desire to avoid rousing antagonism, both
 ttestant and Catholic, in the Saar. This need could be im-
 ssed on enthusiastic Nazis who felt that the *Führer* was with-
 owing a support they counted on. It would probably be
 possible to over-estimate the importance which the rulers of
 rmany attach to the Saar question. For if the vote there
 nt against them, it would mean either a war of aggression,
 ich they do not want—as yet—or else most formidable dis-
 tent internally.

It is worth considering why the British National Government
 ve thought it necessary to introduce a very unpopular measure
 against propaganda among troops. England
 stands in a different position from any other
 European country, since almost everywhere else
 Unpopular
 Bills every man is a soldier liable to be called on by the State. Here
 have a particular body of men who are citizens, indeed, yet
 o are also a paid professional force voluntarily engaged for
 tain duties. It is the will of the English democracy that there

should be such a force, in order that the Englishman may have more freedom. The standing army which used to be opposed in the name of liberty is now the guarantee against conscription. Unfortunately many virtuous people in their detestation of war forget that the army is in reality a national police force, just as necessary as the one that controls the crossings. Other citizens are well aware of this and would prefer that the police force should fail to discharge the purposes for which it is maintained. It seems, however, that the Government's law officers were more concerned to get an Act under which convictions would be easy than to avoid raising certain prejudices that are very strong in the English mind. A Tory lawyer is, with very few exceptions (the late Lord Cave was one), the kind of Tory most dangerous to his own party; and the simultaneous irritation caused by this measure and by the Betting Bill will have counted for something in recent by-elections—assisting the general tendency to return to normal political divisions. For, of course, the present House of Commons represents only what England is like in one of the rare periods when England thinks that all reasonable people must stand together. In ordinary times the English view appears to be that every reasonable man should have his own way of thinking; and that there are two, or at most three, ways in which a reasonable man can think. So, since the scare is over, opposition begins to regain its ordinary proportions. The Municipal Elections are different affairs. If they were a clear indication of general political drift, the present Government would be thrown out neck and crop on the next occasion. They are not, for the simple reason that the poll is just about half what it would be at a general election, and experience tells one that the people who want a change made are more active than those who do not. Moreover, a great many human beings are socialist in municipal concerns who remain conservative enough in the wider issues. "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve at", and distress at a man's door inclines him to those who have a scheme for remedies—even at the expense of his own pocket. Besides, the British mind is experimental; England is in history a country of progress; but it is cautiously experimental. It will try out measures on a local scale long before it will adventure nationally. No doubt in fifty years it will be on many matters more "social-

ally" governed then it is at present. Compare 1884 with 1914—though the rate of change will hardly be so great unless the world war arrives to speed it up. But I see no reason to believe that the nation is going to adventure itself soon under the leadership of Mr. Lansbury or Sir Stafford Cripps—still less under that of Sir Oswald Mosley. Convalescence is a slow process. On the whole Great Britain is recovering better than any other part of Europe; but there is still a sense that strong measures are best avoided. Very few people really want to go back to the old dog fight.

There is, however, one subject whose appeal to passion might bring havoc: India waits at the door—not, indeed, the haggard spectre that Ireland was, but bringing to all minds, and carrying in its own, the thought of Ireland. People say, glibly, that the Irish example should be a warning. So it ought. For a century anything that was conceded to Ireland was conceded to violence or it had been refused to reasoning. The final concession of self-government was made after a struggle in which the country was reduced to anarchy, and England handed over chaos. Such a concession earned no gratitude and deserved none. What is more, it left implanted in the mind of Indians a fixed notion of the means by which "freedom" can be gained. They do not know the cost. They will tell you, as glibly as the opposite kind of talk comes from some quarters in England, that a few hundreds of thousands of lives are a small price to pay. What they cannot see is the deep demoralization of all public life that follows on such a struggle, even where it succeeds. Take, for instance, the single fact that Kevin O'Higgins, probably the ablest man Ireland has bred since Parnell, was murdered by his own countrymen. Englishmen, since the decision rests with England, have to consider how to give India a fair chance when they set up this vast innovation of self-government. They have a fair field; the attempt has been approached reasonably; on the details, experts must advise. But one thing I know, and every Nationalist Englishman must know, is vital: to avoid creating distrust. Any appearance of undue delay would foster this; but the essential is that every pledge which has been given should be kept, not

Indian
Pledges

parsimoniously in the letter, but generously in the spirit.

From the strictly English point of view certain things have to be faced. What happened in Ireland between 1919 and 1921 could happen again in India on a scale incomparably more disastrous. However it ended, an attempt to put down revolt in India by force would split England from end to end. That happily, is not a danger near at hand. What is at hand is a split in the National Government, because the Tory party holds men so opposed in view as Lord Halifax and Lord Lloyd. Sentimental support will be given to all the influences of reaction by people who say that we are forcing on India European institutions that India does not want and cannot use. Yet Asia, not only in India, but in Persia, for instance, and even in Afghanistan, is possessed with a desire to imitate the West. Mr. Robert Byron in a brilliant article headed "Middle Eastern Journey", which *The Times* published, wrote that this "derives not so much from envy of the material power of the West, as from a desire to throw off the spiritual sense of impotence and diminution which that power has induced"—in short, to get rid of the inferiority complex. The adoption of European dress is, he says, "symptom of a mortal tragedy: the loss of belief in its inherited wisdom to the oldest and wisest of continents". One may deplore; one may think India the happier the less it is Europeanized. But since European culture and more specially British institutions have been held up by all means to the admiration of Indians, the consequences of this teaching must be accepted.

How the experiment is to be planned, only those who know India can decide: I have been speaking of the general human considerations, which must govern such a transfer of power to a people from which it has been withheld. But those who seek enlightenment will find much in *India, Minto and Morley*, by Mary, Lady Minto. There is no merit in reading it, for very few books of reminiscence are so variously readable. It has stuff to suit all palates; quantities of tiger shooting; a Viceroy who, having in his earlier days ridden several times in the Grand National and won the Grand Prix at Auteuil on a horse of his own training, revived his prowess in India; took a desperate toss over a stone

**Sportsman
and Viceroy**

just in front of the grand-stand, and then for the sake of *izzat*, went back and completed the whole course faultlessly. As it itself is there, India seen from the very front of the stalls ; that is most incredibly spectacular and jewelled in the life of India : quaintnesses, too, rather pathetic, such as the native who writes to the Viceroy that if a certain favour is granted, "I shall pray to God, whom your Excellency greatly resembles, for your welfare". But, of course, the common people were cut off, and cut off by language ; the Indians whom Lady Minto and Lord Minto—really saw and knew were men like Sir Dattab Singh, the Maharajahs of Bikanir or Scindia ; and these have become live figures. Even more graphically sketched, with humour yet with sympathetic perception, is the Amir Habibullah of Afghanistan, whose prolonged visit was unforgettable.

All this is entertaining ; but the pith of the book lies in its treatment of the two strangely-coupled politicians who launched the Minto-Morley reforms. Minto, the Tory, of old Whig governing family, appointed Viceroy by Balfour to succeed Curzon, was in a few months the whole scene changed : Liberals in power, John Morley Secretary of State. The two had barely met when Minto was governing Canada ; one was an elderly man of years, in politics the ultra-Radical ; the other in the prime of life, in many ways the perfect type of the English country gentleman, yet also a descendant of leaders among Border clansmen, a soldier by training and by instinct. How they worked together will set out plain to see in the correspondence. Morley was too rural-born a writer not to convey himself on paper ; Minto had not the same gift, but he was well able to express the workings of his very clear mind, and his reaction to the problems and facts which India presents to him.

He was not new to India ; he had soldiered there under Roberts and just missed going up to Kabul and meeting death with Cavagnari. But what he really brought to India was a knowledge of men. Indians, when he met them, were men to him, and as men he treated them and insisted that they should be treated. He had

**Morley and
Minto**

**The Human
Touch**

what is common among Englishmen, pride in his race ; but he had also what is not common, feeling for the pride of race in other men. He had the imagination of the heart, and no ruler of a foreign race can have a greater gift ; there is none that will be more needed by those who tackle this Indian problem here in Parliament. Take a single instance : on Lord Minto's first official tour he found that " at State Dinners given by Native chiefs, it had not been the custom for the Chief or his ministers to be present". They only " came in with the dessert to hear the King's health proposed". Minto writes to Morley :

I tried to knock this on the head during my tour, and told the chiefs that I hoped they would not only dine themselves, but bring with them any of the ministers who chose to come, though I would perfectly understand if they were prohibited from eating with me, owing to religious observances. The result was that they and their ministers dined with me as they had never done before with anybody else, and the Princes will in future propose the King's health at their own tables in the States over which they rule.

The man who could see this naturally saw also that Indian pride demanded much more than subaltern posts in the Indian army and the Indian Government.

It is to be hoped that the Tory party will read this book and realize what Minto thought and felt ; for Minto was very much the ideal sahib of Mr. Kipling's votaries. But they must remember that this is what Minto thought and felt five and twenty years ago, before the War had brought in its train services from India to England and pledges from England to India, then undreamed of. It is characteristic of Minto that in pressing his reforms he kept insisting on the pledge given by Queen Victoria after the Mutiny. Fifty years had passed, but the pledge remained to be redeemed.

Lady Minto's intention was no doubt to remind the world what Lord Minto was and what he did. Since her book recalls vividly not only the anxieties she shared with him, but also the enjoyments, adventures and the sightseeing, she is likely to catch the world's ear ; and if so she will not only have achieved her purpose : she will have helped to carry on Lord Minto's best work.

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LORD SNOWDEN'S LATER YEARS

By H. A. L. FISHER

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Philip
 Mount Snowden, Vol. II. Ivory
 Colson & Watson. 21s.

SNOWDEN'S autobiography has
 conspicuous merits. It is clear,
 honest, and unaffected. It divulges
 that the author thinks it important
 that the general public should know
 him, and it is very unlikely that
 the general public will wish to know
 more. There are some men who, like
 Lord Rosebery, will always be a
 mystery to themselves and a
 deal more mysterious to others.
 Snowden, to call him by the title
 which he is most familiar, is not of
 company. He has no secrets to hide,
 a sturdy body of inner doubts and
 springs to compose behind the scenes,
 apologies to make, no obscurities to
 clear, no delicate half-shades of meaning
 to present to the appetite
 of a psychological virtuoso. His in-
 stance stands out clear-cut, robust,
 confident against the background
 of his times. His great strength is that
 he is always known where he wanted
 to be, and that his every action has been
 justified on a good reason.
 Another qualification for a biographer
 is that the subject possesses in a high
 degree. Snowden possesses in a high
 degree. His subject inspires him with
 entertainment and satisfaction.
 The career of a delicate son of a working
 man, born in a poor Yorkshire cottage,

and rising by force of energy, character,
 and ability to be Chancellor of the
 Exchequer and a Viscount is a theme
 calculated to stir even the dullest
 imagination. Lord Snowden may be
 forgiven if he retraces the story with
 pride and enthusiasm. He is proud of
 his admirable father and mother, of the
 little village in which he was born, of
 his native county of Yorkshire, the
 characteristics of which he so fully
 embodies, and, as he showed to the
 delight and somewhat to the surprise of
 the House of Commons in the peroration
 of his last Budget speech, he is proud also
 to be an Englishman. Those who have
 been accustomed to think of him mainly
 as a demagogue and Parliamentary
 gladiator with a very bitter tongue, will
 be surprised to find how rich is his
 capacity for enjoyment and apprecia-
 tion. The newspapers have already
 made copious excerpts from these two
 volumes which expose their author in
 his familiar rôle as an acrimonious and
 devastating critic. But Lord Snowden
 is not all East Wind, as his friends know.
 His autobiography abounds in generous
 tributes, not only to his wife, the valiant
 and intelligent partner of his labours,
 but to his old comrades of the Labour
 Movement, to many political opponents,
 and noticeably to Mr. Montagu Norman,
 the Governor of the Bank of England,
 whose constant solicitude for the

economic convalescence of Europe our author learnt to value when he came to administer the finances of the Kingdom from Treasury Chambers. From such passages the reader will gather a fairer impression of Lord Snowden's true character than that which is ordinarily entertained by those who have never come into personal contact with him.

With all this, Lord Snowden is a born Parliamentarian. It is not difficult for him to treat his Parliamentary opponents as the greatest scoundrels in the world, however much he may like them in private life. Controversy has always been the breath of his nostrils. He enjoys giving, and does not mind receiving hard knocks. His bouts with Mr. Winston Churchill, an opponent worthy of his steel, afforded him huge pleasure at the time, and still, as is evident from these pages, give him pleasure in the recollection. It is obvious that it has been a delight to him to live over once more his Parliamentary triumphs. He bears no malice, for he knows that in every encounter he has given as much as he has received. It was said by one who listened to Robespierre's maiden speech in the National Assembly, "this man will go far, for he has a foundation of bitterness and eloquence". Lord Snowden, like Robespierre, has this foundation. His rise to power in the Labour Party was due not only to his gift for clear and cutting speech, but to the religious force of his socialist ideals. He felt the rich to be enemies, and as such assailed them. In a remarkable passage he describes how little he was affected by the teaching of Karl Marx, but how deeply he felt the injustice of an order of things which was compatible with those violent contrasts of luxury and want which are characteristic of English society.

The second volume of the Autobiography, which takes up the story

after the close of the War, lacks the great human interest attaching to the early struggles of the young Labour leader and to the infancy of the Labour Movement. The author is now an elderly statesman, fully conscious of his responsibilities, and intolerant of the weak extremes to which the Left Wing of the Party was prepared to go. On the burning subject of Russian Communism he took up at once a strong stand. When in April, 1920, he was compelled as President of the I.L.P. to preside over a discussion at Glasgow as to whether or not the I.L.P. should join the Moscow International, he made up his mind that if the Conference decided in favour of affiliation with Moscow, he would leave the Chair. Fortunately the Conference turned down the proposal. Lord Snowden then remained President, using his intellectual weight against the Russia-ophile Communists. "My quarrel with the Communists", he writes, "is not so much with Communism as a thing, but with the methods by which they seek to establish a Communistic State. . . . No social system will ever endure which is based on class antagonism and upon hatred and selfishness".

These excellent doctrines were far from being the common property of the Labour Party during the troubled years which succeeded the War. In the excitement generated by the proletarian victory in Russia, many minds felt the attraction of the General Strike as a weapon wherewith a Parliamentary Government might be brought to heel. Even Lord Snowden went so far as to join with Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes in threatening the Government with a General Strike in August, 1920, when it was feared that Mr. Lloyd George might be tempted to help in the defence of Poland against the Bolsheviks.

That was a very dangerous line to take. Lord Snowden, however, defended it, though, as a matter of fact, there was

the faintest possibility of the sanctioning a new war for the sake of the Poles.

When the General Strike did come in and the moderate Labour leaders found themselves placed in a position of difficulty. They never believed in a strike, but on the other hand they did not want to lose their influence in the rank and file of their party if they capitulated to the Government. Lord Snowden was, of course, far too far from a man to expect that any good would result from this madcap proceeding. When the crash came he remained for nine days, secretly glad that the experiment had failed since "the

Unions needed a lesson of the folly and foolishness of such a trial of strength."

It will be seen that Lord Snowden, though steadily professing the philosophy of the Socialist, was in fact an old-fashioned Free Trade radical. When he first took office, he was in favour of friendly relations with the Liberals. Looking back on the nine months' life of the Labour Government, I am forced to the conclusion that both Parties pursued a policy which was more enabling a lot of irresponsible children to pass for responsible statesmen." No doubt there were faults of temper on both sides; but the real difficulty was laid over by Lord Snowden. All the while that the Liberal members were supporting the Labour Government by their votes, Labour candidates were taking Liberal seats in the constituencies.

The story of the three Cabinets in which Lord Snowden served, of his public speeches, and of his relations to his colleagues is told in this volume with clarity and with little reserve. In general outline the tale is already familiar, for this is an age of Cabinet secretions; but Lord Snowden adds, from his personal experience, some

piquant and not always very charitable reflections upon Mr. MacDonald and others with whom he was associated at this time. He is right, however, in pointing out that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald quite gratuitously threw away the life of the first Labour Government by refusing to entertain the Liberal proposal for a Select Committee to enquire into the Campbell Case. Nor in the special circumstances of the case can he be blamed for disclosing to the House of Commons and to the country the full extent of the economies to which Mr. Henderson and his followers in the second Macdonald Cabinet were prepared to submit, when the sharp challenge to instant retrenchment came from the banks in 1931. Indeed, there can be little question but that Lord Snowden's vigorous speeches in Parliament and over the wireless exercised a great influence in securing for the National Government its mammoth majority. An old-fashioned reader of these entertaining volumes may ask himself whether he is really entitled to be taken so much behind the scenes. The old rule used to be that what passed in the Cabinet did not go outside, and that it was contrary to public policy to repeat the private conversations of Cabinet colleagues on public affairs. In the interests of ministerial cohesion and the effective conduct of cabinet business, there is everything to be said for this convention. Of late the rule has been relaxed. No doubt a special case can be made for full disclosures relative to the conduct of the War in view of the poignant interest which the War must necessarily excite in the minds of the generation which lived through it. The circumstances, also, which led to the formation of the first National Government clearly belong to a special category. But I am old-fashioned enough to hope that in future the old convention of Cabinet secrecy will be restored.

PEACE WITH HONOUR : An Enquiry into the War Convention, by A. A. Milne. *Methuen.* 5s.

DOGS OF WAR, by F. Yeats-Brown. *Peter Davies.* 6s.

MR. MILNE's essay eventually proves his title redundant, declaring, as he does, Peace to be the only Honour, and War, under whatever provocation, the essence of Dishonour. His foundations are four-fold: War is silly; War is wrong; War is unnecessary; War can be prevented. War is silly because under no modern conditions can it bring spiritual or material gain comparable to the certain loss. War is wrong because in the last analysis—the "veil of sentimental mysticism" cleared away—it is plainly murder for one's own (or one's country's) profit. War is neither a biological nor an individual necessity, and the demand of national "honour" or "prestige" is a chimera, only sustained in being by man's "subservience to the war convention", the idea that international deadlock *must* automatically be followed by war or else, for one side at least, national humiliation. So far, or nearly so far, good. Mr. Milne's preventives—principally a system of national pledges to abide by the results of arbitration, together with a more fantastic proposal that the individuals declaring war should become auto-

matically its first victims—are less convincing as purely practicable measures. Even omitting this general hara-kiri of statesmen, by what means are those who accept Mr. Milne's general viewpoint to bring these pledges into being? Ascending to the airy realms of imagination, Peace Conferences addressed by himself the author forgets to tell us. The fact that the book is at its best in its elementary statement of a point of view preserving both wit and readability—bringing the outlaw War for trial at the bar of humanity, Christianity, and common sense, dismissing too easily, however, the economic factor, and especially in relation to national prestige.

It is the basis of Mr. Milne's pacifism that spiritually a material victory may be infinitely more degrading than a material defeat. One would have thought it a not unfamiliar—indeed the only true—pacifist position. But Mr. Yeats-Brown has seemingly never heard of such a notion. Declaring pacifism to be in effect no more than "a scream about physical safety", it does not occur to him that in asserting against it that "we must pledge ourselves to an ideal and know that there is at least a possibility that we may have to die for it", he is giving to the pacifist a statement of the latter's own essential attitude in terms of unimpeachable exactitude—the acceptance of an ideal and (in the refusal to fight, however directly military the form of attack) of the possibility of dying for it. He shows no conception at all of the difference between dying for an ideal and the willingness to kill others for it, and by that central omission deprives of any value for the discerning reader—save perhaps as an example of the working of the militarist (or is it only Mr. Yeats-Brown's?) mind—what is in any case a scrappy, inconsistent, and often distressingly sentimental record of his private emotions.

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FREEDOM AND ORGANIZATION:
1814-1914, by Bertrand Russell. *Allen*
Unwin. 15s.

Bertrand Russell has written a history of Europe from 1814 to 1914 which is in the highest degree personal, individualistic, even idiosyncratic. Unfair critics might charge it with telling us more about Europe from 1814 than about Europe from 1914. But they would be wrong. The point of view throughout is that of the liberal (though not, emphatically, the Liberal) in the old-fashioned sense of the word, who places freedom and development of individuality in the forefront of human needs. The Lord Russell holds, was in this sense the end of an epoch; in other words, whether it was only an incidental "expression" of forces which had been in operation for fifty years and are still growing continually stronger. . . . The same causes that produced war in 1914 are still operative and, unless checked, they will inevitably produce the same effect, but on a larger scale". In the first place, Lord Russell concludes his survey, "It is not by pacifist sentiment, but by world-wide economic organization, that civilized mankind is to be saved from collective suicide."

This economic reorganization must be planned instead of haphazard—that is to say, it must be largely Socialist in character and international in scope. The hundred years of Lord Russell's survey were, he points out, characterized by an enormous increase in economic interdependence. The invention of railways and steamships, of the telegraph and the telephone, were rapidly transforming the world into a single economic system. By the end of Lord Russell's period the culmination of the process—the wireless and the aeroplane—was already in sight. Science applied to military technique has also made the nations increasingly dangerous to each other: "More rapid mobility and transmission of orders made it possible to

invade an enemy country far more quickly than at any previous time. Hence nations feared each other more than formerly."

Greater mobility and increased destructiveness, coupled with economic interdependence, are factors which should in a reasonable world have made for internationalism. They have not had this effect for two reasons. First, men are not, in spite of the Radical and Utilitarian thinkers of the nineteenth century, "rational". They are, as Aristotle said, "animals who are intermittently rational". Consistently to pursue one's self-interest one must at least think with a view to discovering what one's self-interest demands. But thinking is unpleasant to man. "It is not", says Lord Russell, at the beginning of his section on the Philosophic Radicals, "one of the natural activities of man. It is a product of disease like a high temperature in illness"; and, more particularly, of disease in the body politic. It is because of man's insufficient rationality that fear, instead of breeding international co-operation, produces nationalist rivalry. Thus the nations prior to 1914 followed each other round the circumference of a vicious circle in which "fear bred more intense nationalism, which, in turn, created still more fear, and therefore still more nationalism on the other side of the frontier". It would be pleasant to record that the war had broken the circle. In such a world each nation blames its neighbour for the catastrophe for which the common policies of all are equally responsible. As Lord Russell puts it, "to ask who was to blame" (for the war) "is like asking who is to blame for a motoring accident in a country which has no rule of the road".

In the second place, in spite of the immense changes which the nineteenth century introduced in industry, science, and economics, there have been no

corresponding changes in ethics and politics. We live in a changed world, but we are unchanged men. Consequently the highly industrialized communities of the modern world retain the political structures appropriate to parochial, agricultural eighteenth-century States. The anomaly is particularly flagrant in the sphere of foreign politics, where, whatever the form of government which happens to prevail, "the external relations of the Great Powers were still" (i.e., in 1914), "as at the time of the Congress of Vienna, in the hands of single individuals whose power might be subject to theoretical limitations but was in practice almost despotic". In England these individuals are, according to Lord Russell, "the permanent officials of the Foreign Office". Until our political structure becomes adapted to our scientific power and our economic needs, our civilization cannot go forward. Hence the moral of Lord Russell's book is the need for an international political system which will fit the new economic pattern of the world, and an economic system which will enable men at last to distribute the goods with which science has endowed them.

This sounds like Socialism, and is; but it is very far from being Communism. Lord Russell criticizes Marx, as he criticizes the Philosophic Radicals, for over-rating man's rationality. His whole interpretation of history is, indeed, remote from the Dialectical Materialism of Marx. In addition to changes in economic technique, he believes that changes in political theory and the occurrence of important individuals affect the course of history. In other words, thought can change events and personality makes history. Lord Russell holds that the part played by individuals in history, over-emphasized by Carlyle, is unduly minimized today. "I do not believe that, if Bismarck had died in infancy, the history of Europe during the past

seventy years would have been at all closely similar to what it has been. There can, I think, be little doubt that Lord Russell is right. Great men may be the mouthpieces of movements, but they are movements which only they have made inevitable.

Lord Russell's book is designed "to trace the opposition and interaction of two important causes of change in the nineteenth century: the belief in Freedom which was common to Liberals and Radicals, and the necessity for Organization which arose through industrial and scientific technique". Scientific advance has brought a growth of organization, but political theory has failed to keep pace with the growth. As a result the doctrine of Liberalism was transformed into the doctrine of Imperialism. In the interests of Freedom "Liberals held that each country should be completely free, and should not be expected to tolerate any interference from without". Hence the doctrine of nationality with its watchword "every country must be free to achieve its legitimate ambitions". But as demands for markets consequent upon increased organization grew more insistent, nationality insensibly gave way to nationalism with its slogan, "My country must be free to achieve its ambitions, whether legitimate or not".

It is impossible that a book so personal, expressing a personality so unique, should not provoke violent disagreement. There is no political opinion which in the course of its pages is not roughly affronted. Marxian Socialism and Liberalism fare little better than Conservatism and Imperialism. History in Lord Russell's hands is little more than a "fantasia" on the themes of human greed and folly. Ruthlessly and continually are discreditable motives laid bare; bubbles burst as reputations are pricked, and the eminent are laid low with an epigram.

C. E. M. JOAD.

AN ENGLISH PROPHET

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by H. G. Wells. Vol. II. 10s. 6d.

himself and to all who have lived through the years and known most of the people and events described in it, the book must be of intense interest. It is more than a description of people and events. It explains the subject of a remarkable man's life, gives us his mature judgment upon many of the great controversies of the last forty years, and hints at the probable course of what may happen next. On every subject that has occupied his mind is discussed, except indeed the politics of rival parties. We are told nothing about elections or changes of governments. The author's interest is above such casual and temporary fluctuations. Though he calls himself a Socialist and a Republican, he has been able to agree with any main branch of Socialists, either Fabian or Labour Party, and though he naturally looks to Courts, he does not raise a clamour for residents in place of Kings.

It is characteristic that the one central subject which he discusses at length is the one in which he shows himself ignorant and mistaken. His views upon women's demand for equal partnership are amazingly far from the truth of the movement and its objects. They are written without inside knowledge, and the statements he has put forward appear to have been scraped together from the frenzied newspapers, the "antis," or from the jealous gossip of women as scornfully stood aside from the women's contest for freedom, lacking the intelligence or the courage

to join in it. He goes on to say that the "nagging, ignoble campaign" ended abruptly with the Declaration of War, that "the Vote was flung to women simply to keep them quiet," and that the only traceable consequence has been the further enfeeblement of the waning powers of Democracy." As a matter of fact, though "militancy" was dropped owing to the national crisis, the demand was steadily continued throughout the war; the cause was won by a sense of justice slowly dawning in the minds of politicians.

Such evidence of ignorance and prejudice is the one remarkable exception to the knowledge and stimulating reflection in an absorbingly interesting book. And it is the more strange because Mr. Wells begins this volume with a free discussion of the relationships between men and women, in which on the social side he admits an equality to women rarely granted even at the present day. To judge from the hundreds of novels written in England every year one might suppose that love and sex were the only subjects of interest in life. To myself there is far greater interest in what men and women work at, how they make their living, and what they accomplish. That may be because I suffer such excruciating difficulty in reading a novel. But Mr. Wells reckons the question of love and sex very high, and thinks it must be included in an autobiography. Accordingly he devotes about eighty pages of this volume to the subject, adding a dissertation upon novels in general, his own, Henry James's, and many others.

About the subject in his own life he

is frankly outspoken. In his first volume he told us that as a young man he was afraid he might never enjoy the fulness of love but would die virgin of that experience. As often happens, the apprehension was premature. He did not very long remain inexperienced, but at first he was disappointed, as Rousseau was disappointed. Both had expected too much from the joy of passion. Mr. Wells tells us of his first wife that their real discord was not mental but temperamental. "My idea was of flame meeting flame, and it was a profound mortification to me, a vast disappointment, that she did not immediately respond to my ardours." Even of his letters to his second wife, that devoted and most attractive woman whom he married to avoid irritating scandal, he writes: "It is quite evident they are those of two loving friends and allies, who are not and never have been passionate lovers."

With the emotion remembered in partial tranquillity, Mr. Wells discusses this engrossing problem of sex before he passes on to the discussion of his highest aim—his purpose of establishing a Socialistic World State—and the large number of significant and well-known people who stood beside him or against him in his difficult endeavour. So we come upon penetrating observations on the personality and mind in such widely familiar figures as Henry James ("he was the most consciously and elaborately artistic and refined human being I ever encountered"), Bernard Shaw ("to me his judgments, arrived at by feeling and expression, have always had a flimsiness"), Grant Allen, Joseph Conrad, and Graham Wallas. To George Gissing in his almost habitual unhappiness Mr. Wells shows an enviable generosity, nursing him and watching by his deathbed—a generosity all the more admirable because Gissing was a victim of the classical education that

Wells most abhors; although I remind him that Graham Wallas, whom he admires, was with me at a school where we were taught nothing but Greek and Latin, and was also a class scholar at Oxford, as was Olivier. Both showed themselves capable of Fabian wisdom.

Some pages are given to Barrie, so to the Blands (rather harsh, I think). "He was under an inner compulsion to be a Seducer"; "a pose of ripe gentility"), and many to Arnold Bennett, of whom he says, "He radiated evoked affection to an unusual degree but in some way that I found obscure and perplexing his sexual life did not flood into his general life. His personality never, so to speak, fused with a woman's. He never gave the effect of being welded, even temporarily, with the woman he was with."

But one might fill the whole of this month's issue with such shrewd judgments and observations, and yet not touch upon the most vital points of Mr. Wells's life's work—the labour of that World State—nor yet upon his work and reflections during the years of his brief and temporary vision of "Invisible God," his scorn of the "governess-educated" statesmen and generals, his repentance towards conscientious objectors, and his visit to Russia, one of them quite recent, is known from his published conversations with Stalin. As to the style of the book he boldly says, and every writer must respect him for saying it:

I am a journalist. I refuse to play the "artist." If sometimes I am an artist is a freak of the gods. I am a journalist all the time and what I write goes now and will presently die.

Throughout the book there is hardly a word or hint about beauty. Mr. Wells is a prophet, and I suppose the ancient Jewish prophets did not pay much attention to the decorations and other charms of Nineveh and Babylon.

RUSSIAN JOURNALS OF
 MARTHA AND CATHERINE WIL-
 MOT, edited by the Marchioness of
 Londerry and H. M. Hyde. Mac-
 millan. 21s.

sharpening of wits produced by
 juxtaposition of the incongruous is
 essence of comedy; and this book,
 made up of unpremeditated
 and diaries, is fine comedy.
 two young Irishwomen, the Misses
 Martha and Catherine Wilmot, con-
 traries of Jane Austen, who might
 stepped straight out of the pages
 of *Emma*—so lively and acute is their
 observation, and so perfectly do they
 conform to the style and language of
 the period. (Miss Martha is even called
 "Matty"; but this, for posterity,
 unfortunately suggests *Cranford* instead
 of *Emma*, and the *nuance* is just wrong.)
 They travel across Europe in the
 wake of the Napoleonic Wars. Plant
 themselves in Russia on prolonged visits
 to Catherine for eighteen months,
 Martha for more than five years),
 the Russian *grande dame*, one of the
 horrors of the female autocracy pre-
 sented by Catherine the Great. Here
 are all the elements of a first-rate
 comedy; and nobody whose imagination
 has been fired by the potentialities of
 the theme will be disappointed by this
 volume.

It is indeed the juxtaposition of two
 wasted countries. For the struggling
 poverty of their native land made the
 excess, luxurious munificence of Russian
 life all the more astounding to the
 sisters, and often made them wish
 for the wasted food of their fatiguing
 life transported to little Erin, which
 often wants what is here despised".
 Perhaps one should say the juxtapo-
 sition of two historical epochs. For
 the Russian civilization of 1840, with
 its brilliancy and its brutality, its
 munificence and its squalor, recalls
 us so much as our own Elizabethan
 age. Thus the Misses Wilmot were

shocked to discover in the suburbs of
 Moscow a bear-pit where, as in England
 two centuries before, a "prodigious
 Bear" was torn to pieces for the amuse-
 ment of the populace by "enormous
 bull Dogs". And the cruelties of serfdom
 which, though they "could not bear to
 be thought of", were taken so much for
 granted by everyone that the sisters
 seem scarcely conscious of them, take
 us back to an England of an even
 more primitive date.

There were other things, less dreadful
 and less surprising, which also shocked
 the rather prim and innocent Miss
 Martha, such as a "widow, whose first
 spouse, a Pole, is still alive by-the-by".
 The etiquette incumbent on a real widow
 was no less amazing. Immediately on
 the death of her husband, she was
 dutifully obliged to announce the event
 to her friends and acquaintances by a
 mourning card on which "a death's
 head, Cross Bones and other hideous
 Emblems of Mortality ornamented the
 outside border". This was the signal
 for "half Moscow" to assemble at her
 house; and the unhappy widow was
 forced "to endure from twelve in the
 morning till ten in the evening the looks
 and conversation of everyone who chose
 to go to her house and stare at her".

Every good comedy has its soubrette;
 and the rôle is played here by Miss
 Catherine's Irish maid, Eleanor
 Cavanagh, who accompanied her to
 Russia. Miss Cavanagh's comments
 bear more exclusively on the material
 side of life than those of her mistress,
 but are not less naïve and refreshing.
 She was gratified to discover that the
 ship which bore them to Russia carried
 "plenty of Hens to lay fresh Eggs".
 But she had the shock of her life when,
 on arrival at her destination, she was
 offered melons instead of fresh eggs for
 breakfast. Petersburg duly impressed
 her. "Cork is a *Flay* to it, and the
 River as large as the Lee five times

over". But it remained a puzzle to her why the Russians neglected the virtue of cleanliness and preferred to have "so many *Flaighs* hopping about them".

The publishers express their surprise that "material of such historical importance should have remained in oblivion for so long". The claim may sound a trifle exaggerated. The historian proper will not learn much from this volume, but as a picture of manners, and of the large, heedless way in which life flowed on in Russia during some of the most eventful years in European history, this handsomely illustrated and carefully edited book possesses permanent value, as well as an enthralling interest for the most casual reader.

E. H. CARR.

THE PATTERN OF COURTESY.

An anthology made and edited by Gerald Bullett. *Dent*. 5s.

THE MINOR PLEASURES OF LIFE.

Selected and arranged by Rose Macaulay. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

THE MAJOR PLEASURES OF LIFE.

Selected and arranged by Martin Armstrong. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

ANTHOLOGIES, we may suppose, are intended chiefly for those who wish to acquire a maximum of literary culture with a minimum of effort, expense and time. But, standards of taste being what they are (careless, diffuse, even chaotic, rather than merely bad), the educative function of anthologies is far from despicable; they make excellent week-end books, moreover, and convenient presents (we can expect a welter of them as Christmas draws nearer).

In all these respects, not one of this present batch is without its distinctive virtues. *The Pattern of Courtesy*, which continues the same compiler's *Testament of Light*, brings together passages ranging from Lao-Tze and Mencius to Mr. Herbert Read and the young New Country poets, Mr. Day Lewis and Mr. Spender: passages all, which give

expression at a well-sustained high level to Mr. Bullett's own essentially humanistic faith, that, as says the Lady Juliana of Norwich, "Kinde is all good and in itself"—which, Mr. Bullett adds, "seems to me to be the first article of any religious faith worth having". *The Pattern of Courtesy* is, then, in the nature of a personal statement of faith, a tribute to the essential dignity of man: a book that is, to which, though eminently well balanced, one would turn for spiritual nourishment, not for practical literary standards.

The other two volumes are different, and hardly so serious, in conception. The most delightful is certainly Mr. Macaulay's. Ranging through the minor pleasures of life, from agreeable encounters to xenophobia, she has found scope for the exercise of her own satirical wit, that light-fingered but deadly weapon so skilfully employed in such novels as *Told by an Idiot*. As might be expected, the early eighteenth century, that age, par excellence, of minor pleasures, is well represented; and besides many previously un-anthologised pieces, there is a seventeenth-century poem, "A Country Lass," which, Mr. Macaulay claims (and my scholars will not permit me to contradict), has not even been printed before.

Mr. Armstrong's companion volume, striding, with the great of all ages through the major pleasures, though not inspired by a direct moral purpose like Mr. Bullett's, is naturally a more solemn piece of work, yet not unlightened by irony in the sections devoted to Food and Drink. *The Major Pleasures of Life* is a grand compendious gallery of the Arts, the Virtues and the Ecstasies. It should be remembered, however, that "anthology" originally means a collection of flowers: Mr. Armstrong's exhibits like Mr. Bullett's, are mostly good, solid muscular vegetables.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL.

IN: **HIS LIFE**, by William
loch. Murray. 16s.

MOZ: **THE MAN AND HIS**
RK, by W. J. Turner. Dent.
6d.

A matter for no surprise that the
t-day glut of biographical writing
lead to suspicion and misgiving.
was once a field for specialists
en invaded by an army of would-be
eters who put trust in their
ical strength rather than in care-
hosen weapons. Music's corner of
ld is so overcrowded that it is
ing increasingly difficult to keep
ing like decent order. Leon Vallas's
phy of Debussy has recently been
ed by the editor of the *Revue*
ale and Robert Godet, one of the
ser's friends. Ernest Newman has
warning his readers against bio-
ical studies of musicians, and goes
as to write: "What passes for
al biography, especially that of
reat figures of the last generation
o, deserves nothing but profound
est." These two instances can be
as signs of a growing feeling that
must be restored, else truth will
ever lost. But critics cannot
to police the rabble if public and
hers, especially the latter, do not
to their assistance.

at same eminent critic has recently
ed that no biographer can show
opin's personality as it really was.
ay of John Sebastian Bach that
now next to nothing of him "as
ved" is almost a platitude, so
aratively rare are the first-hand
ments. But with the context of
rcle and period to help us, with his
s—even the commonplace ones are
ghts—with his confessions, with
records of dialogues between him
Delacroix, and with the impressions
udgments of other musicians and
s, we can form an idea of Chopin
iently clear for ordinary purposes.
tempt to discover "what a com-

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to book the gunmen of the
'literary racket.' Drawings
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anthology, *The Testament of
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poser was really like " seems to me to set an impossible standard. For by such a standard what man, especially if he holds that all men are untruthful, can say that he knows what his best friend is really like? What man, indeed, can say that he knows himself?

In his biography of Chopin Mr. William Murdoch is content to apply the everyday tests of human character and behaviour. I am not sure that the book could not have been compressed with advantage. Mr. Murdoch, for example, rarely misses the opportunity of reprinting whole passages from the letters Chopin sent and received. He cannot be blamed, of course, for taking full advantage of Mrs. Voynich's translation of the Opienski edition of the composer's letters, and of the *Collection Polonaise*, published in Paris last year. But, in several instances, his quotations could have been made more pointed by abbreviation, and in other ways his book could have been made more shapely. Not every paragraph is essential to the development of his theme. Moreover, in forming some of his judgments he appears not to have discarded altogether the ideas and standards of our own time. In a 1934 setting Chopin's behaviour and sentiments would undoubtedly seem to indicate that he was a snob; but a century ago a professional musician, whatever his private opinions were, was compelled to ascribe all virtues to his betters, or else starve. That the author's mind is coloured by contemporary standards is also seen in the occasional laxity of his writing; for example, in his admission of such phrases as "pretty high" and "fairly prolific", and in instances of confusion of tense.

Against these blemishes can be set qualities which commend the book to all who can never be anything but fascinated by the tragic story; not least, Mr. Murdoch's thoroughness in preparing the ground for his study. The

bibliography at the end gives some idea of his diligence. Not the least interesting source is the research of M. Edouard Ganche, who has traced Chopin's French ancestry through his father back to his great-grandfather, research which is in part borne out by a letter I received from one of the composer's descendants in America. The music itself is not fully discussed here—a second volume on this subject is promised—but it is interesting to have the opinion of a pianist and interpreter of Chopin that the notorious "Raindrop" Prelude is No. 15, and not, as many writers have suggested, No. 6, or, as Liszt thought, No. 8. Mr. Murdoch rules out two-sixths of these works as being too delicate to carry a programme. Finally, I am glad that the well-chosen illustrations include Deveria's portrait of Jane Stirling, perhaps the only woman who was selflessly devoted to Chopin.

"*Il se mourait toute sa vie.*" Berlioz's well-known remark about his dear Chopinette has been so often interpreted as a sneer that many will welcome Mr. W. J. Turner's opinion, in his new study of Berlioz, that it was merely an observation of fact. Mr. Turner also quotes the French composer's penetrating criticism of Chopin's music and playing a passage which is as fine a tribute to Berlioz as to Chopin.

Mr. Turner's own penetrating power is comparable to that of his subject. He shows the unfolding of that extraordinary mind with a most admirable command of the tumult of evidence. The emotional stress of the composer's career is felt at every point of the narrative. Sometimes, as in Chapter 2, it unbalances the author and sends him hunting, via Lascelles Abercrombie, after a dubious abstraction. But the study as a whole is especially welcome in this country where so great a misconception of Berlioz' creative powers has been so long encouraged.

BASIL MAINE.

CAREER OF A DIPLOMAT

BEAT FROM GLORY, by R. H. Lockhart. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

"BEAT FROM GLORY" is really a continuation of the *Memoirs of a British Soldier* which is perhaps the best account as yet been given by an eye-witness of the new Russia in its birth. Mr. Lockhart is a splendid writer in the new style of autobiography—the picture of great events on the background of the life of an acute observer. The "Glory" in the title of the book is the position the author held by his activities in the Moscow Revolution. For a brief period he was the confidant of the British Cabinet and the hero of special missions. With peace comes obscurity.

He goes to Prague as one of the secretaries of the Legation, then to the control of Sir George Clerk. His appointment gives little scope for adventures, but it was a fine stage-box from which to see the post-war Europe.

There lies the interest of the book. It takes us back to the world of the twenties, when the vanquished were trying to forget their humiliations and the victors anxious only to live to fill every moment of their hour of triumph. It was then that all the terrible problems with which the nations are confronted today were created. Lockhart depicts the madness and tragedy of those times so vividly, one is tempted to shout out to the men that speak from his pages, "The man in the gallery at the performance of Othello, 'Oh, you fools, you see?'"

It shows us the opportunity lost in 1920. He visits Munich in 1920. There was at that time no hate in men's hearts. They accepted their fate with stoical calm, as a consequence of the Peace Treaty, which had to be borne with sanity returned to the world".

He goes on to the occupied area and finds the French, already having outraged German feeling almost beyond endurance by the importation of black troops, sedulously fostering and financing the Rhineland Separatist Movement under Dr. Dorten. He attends a meeting of the organization. "The square on which it was held was lined with French troops and without their presence Dr. Dorten would not have dared to show himself." "The whole affair," he records, "made a painful impression on me. I tried to picture to myself a French occupation in England and what we should have thought of a Devonian Dr. Dorten getting up and suggesting the separation of Devon and Cornwall." So the fires of Nazi hatred were stoked up. "When I was in Essen in the Ruhr itself," he recalls, "the town was

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JOHN LANE

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plastered one night with leaflets giving the names of four or five German girls, who had been seen walking out with Frenchmen. Below the names was this text: 'Fellow-citizens, who have so much to suffer from the tyranny of the invader, keep these shameful names in your memory lest they be forgotten when the day of reckoning comes.'

But the most significant passage is that in which Mr. Lockhart recalls his last conversation with Stresemann. All Stresemann's gallant efforts to secure relaxation of the harshest clauses of the Treaty have failed and with them his struggle to win Germany permanently over to peace and democracy. The clouds of ruin are gathering round the Weimar Constitution. Stresemann knows that the game is up and, a dying man, he expresses to Lockhart the bitterness of his failure. "As he spoke beads of sweat stood out under his eyes. His voice grew hoarser. 'Locarno!' he said, with increasing bitterness. 'It is five years since we signed Locarno. If you had given me one concession, I could have carried my people. I could still do it today. But you have given nothing, and the trifling concessions that you have made have always come too late' "

There is much that is entertaining in the book—an excellent vignette of the Webbs, weighing Lockhart's various bundles of knowledge as if "it was the excess luggage office of a railway station"; the eccentric Prince George of Serbia, the brother of the ill-fated King Alexander, sending a message at a restaurant through the mouth of a waiter, requesting Lockhart's party not to stare; an interview with the ex-Kaiser in which he shows himself a devoted admirer of Shaw's *Apple Cart*. In fact, *Retreat from Glory* will be read with equal pleasure by those who desire instruction and those who want to be amused.

ROBERT BERNAYS.

AH, WILDERNESS! and **DAYS WITHOUT END.** Two plays by Eugene O'Neill. *Caps.* 7s. 6d.

IN the second of these plays Mr. O'Neill uses an odd device for displaying his central character. Finding, apparently, his well-known resuscitation of the soliloquy to be inadequate he has had recourse to the introduction of a duplicate hero. John Loving is divided by his author into two parts, John and Loving. But this is no plagiarism of a famous Gothic novel; no metamorphoses by alchemy are here—the duplication of a secret between Eugene O'Neill and his audience. The only alchemy lies in the device itself, for now the soliloquy has been magically transformed into duologue.

John and Loving are discovered at the beginning of the play seated in John Loving's office. "Loving . . . is the same age, of the same height and figure, is dressed in every detail exactly the same. . . . Loving's face is a mask whose features reproduce exactly the features of John's face . . . the death mask of a John who has died with a sneer of scornful mockery on his lips." O'Neill is ringing the changes on his *Great God Brown* experiment. But is not this paraphernalia of masks, soliloquies, and duplicated characters an admission of weakness? Cannot Mr. O'Neill say what he wants to without their aid?

It seems to me that a good deal of Mr. O'Neill's work has been spoilt by a certain pretentiousness and clumsiness; to which may be added that incapacity possessed by an excited small boy of "never knowing when to stop." *Ah, Wilderness!* contains these faults in a minimum degree; *Days without End* in a maximum. One might almost say that the first play is written by Eugene, the second by O'Neill. But on reconsideration this is hardly correct, for if, centuries ahead (supposing O'Neill to have become a classic) *Ah, Wilderness!* lost

world in one of many cataclysms, to be unearthed it would certainly find a place among the "doubtful" and a school of "Van Drutenites" probably arise, complete with cyphers, for the establishment claims.

Whatever the result of this hypothesis, one thing is certain, *Wilderness!* and *Days Without End* rank among "minor" plays of the day. *Days without End* has a big clumsy, even cheaply executed. *Wilderness!* has no particular merit; but is a warm, tender, delicate, beautiful piece of photography, beautifully executed. The result of so much

pretentiousness and pomposity in the one is a piece of hysterical, unhelpful, Catholic revivalism. The absence of these qualities in the other help to make it—this picture of an ordinary American middle-class family—a lovely and memorable work. Nevertheless it remains a photograph. Ah, wilderness! The wilderness of the twentieth century Royal Academy theatre. O'Neill, with all his faults, might have succeeded in helping Eugene to make it so much more. *Desire Under the Elms* remains the one play written, not by Eugene nor by O'Neill, but by Eugene O'Neill.

RODNEY ACKLAND.

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LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.

WHO ONCE EATS OUT OF THE TIN BOWL, by Hans Fallada. Translated by Eric Sutton. *Putnam*. 7s. 6d.

CLAUDIUS THE GOD, by Robert Graves. *Barker*. 10s. 6d.

THE PROUD SERVANT, by Margaret Irwin. *Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.

In a recent collection of Swedish tales, there was a story of a woman who was released from a lunatic asylum; she found the pressure of life outside too horrible and too strong; within twenty-four hours she was back at the asylum gate, clamouring for admittance. The released convict from a prison is in much the same case—this is the theme of Herr Fallada's novel. Willi Kulaft does a five years' stretch for embezzlement and forgery. We are given a vivid picture of prison life: the cells, the yard, the latrines; moments in which a cigarette or a conversation can be enjoyed. At the end of his time he leaves the prison and goes to a "Home of Peace" for ex-prisoners, in which he is made to work hard for a pittance and is still virtually a prisoner. He works his way out of that, rents a room of his own, and manages to start a typing agency with the help of other ex-convicts, but their business is stopped by the police. At last, he is on the point of "making good" as the advertisement canvasser for a provincial newspaper; the money begins to come in; he is engaged to be married. But a false accusation of theft brings him back to the police, and his character has so far deteriorated that he is planning a big smash-and-grab raid on a jeweller's shop. The police, having once got hold of him, never let go; finally he is arrested for a number of thefts and assaults of which he is guilty. He returns to prison, and for the first time since he has been out of it he falls "quietly asleep, with a peaceful smile on his face."

It is a horrible and moving story, exceedingly well told. The inevitability of Willi's return is implicit all through

the book; and Herr Fallada shows his strength as a novelist by making the outcome of the story something more than a dramatic inevitability. It is as a first-rate piece of social criticism. You cannot attribute Willi's degeneration to bad luck or to fate. His life has contained perhaps more moments of honest endeavour and of beauty than most. No; as Herr Fallada says, the man who has once eaten out of the tin bowl will be forced, physically and psychologically, to return to it.

With more than the usual reviewer's inconsequence I come next to the historical novels. As such, I had hoped they might go together. But they do not. I think it very unlikely that the same readers will like equally *Claudius the God* and *The Proud Servant*. Mr. Graves, writing in the first person as the Emperor Claudius, employs a method which is curt, unemotional, shrewd and emphatic. Miss Irwin displays all the graces of the "historical novel"; her landscapes are like tapestries; the figures, moving languidly or briskly, are seen through the veil of years. There is no doubt that *The Proud Servant* (a life of Montrose) is good, and even very good, of its kind. But that kind is not one which personally I admire. Set beside Mr. Graves' *Claudius*, I find *The Proud Servant* thin, whimsical and fanciful; its convention is, for me at any rate, false. But what an admirable book Mr. Graves has written! Without using metaphor or any of the usual paraphernalia of illusion, he has created a picture of Roman life such as has very rarely been equalled by any novelist. The book is at once family and imperial history; Mr. Graves' personal shrewdness and the convincing portraits he gives us of Herod Agrippa, Messalina, and Claudius himself, are perfectly adjusted. It is that very rare thing, in our modern publishers' lists, a completely intelligent novel.

G. W. STONIER.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

CLUB, by Arthur Ransome. 7s. 6d.

FLYING SCHOOLROOM, by Herr Kästner. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

NIGHT SOUTH OF SKYE, by G. Strong. *Basil Blackwell*. 3s. 6d.

Y FAMILIES, by Harry Graham. 7s. 6d.

AT THE CORNER, by Eleanor Lyon. *Basil Blackwell*. 5s.

GOES TRAVELLING, by Karin Aelis. *Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

THE DULL HOUSE, by Kit Higson. *Putnam*. 5s.

THE LION'S ROAR, by Cherry Kearton. *Longmans Green*. 6s.

BEASTS ROYAL, by Patrick Russ. *Putnam*. 5s.

HARUM SCARUM, by Sarah Bowes-Lyon. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME, by Sir James Jeans. 8s. 6d.

MAKING as an aunt having no family, I am firmly of the opinion that there are too many books for even published each year to the detriment of these groundlings and the opinion of all parents and guardians conscientiously attempt to weed the trash from the chaff of juvenile literature. All the art and sophistry of the publishing world are cunningly employed to lead that gullible people (such as myself) shall turn aside from the endurments of a Lewis Carroll, a Robert Stevenson, or a Kenneth Grahame, and gather instead the over-bright pearls displayed to catch our eyes.

Having consulted my conscience and made my protest, it would seem that there is nothing left for me but to stand fast to ancient loyalties, but, alas, necessity beckons me aside. One dips into the first book and I am lost.

Suppose the three outstanding writers of children's books to-day are A. A. Milne, Arthur Ransome, and Erich Kästner (whose Emil and his Detectives are enshrined in the hearts of boys and to whom Christopher Robin is only a bore). Mr. Milne has now declared that he has nothing more to say

about Poo Corner, which leaves only two in the running. Mr. Ransome, I believe, will be able to stay the course; Herr Kästner I am not so sure about. The first named has published each year children's stories of consistently high quality about normal boys and girls with a taste for adventure, and sensible parents not unduly fussy about wet feet and sleeping out at night. His latest story, *Coot Club*, deals with a party of children who spend their holidays sailing on the Broads and frustrating the machinations of a villainous motor boat's crew bent on capturing one of their number and handing him over to the police. From Herr Kästner we have *The Flying Classroom*, which, though good, is not good enough. The scene is set in a German school and the story opens in the author's best style, with a rally of the junior form to rescue a comrade captured by a rival school and held to ransom. This develops into a tremendous snow-fight between the two schools. But then, unfortunately, the interest dwindles. A haze of rather sickly sentiment pervades the air and a head master appears whose sweet reasonableness is almost more than

human. It is to be feared that if this book falls into the hands of Dr. Goebbels he will be tempted to ban it lest it undermine his drastic training in *Wehrhaftigkeit* for the glory of the Third Reich.

L. A. G. Strong has produced a good story this year called *Fortnight South of Skye*, relating the adventures of two boys on a holiday on the West Coast of Scotland and incidentally introducing us to a night's fishing on a drifter and the capture of a poaching trawler. Another book in a different vein is *Happy Families*, by Harry Graham. Here we meet three children who set up as amateur detectives in search of a lost brooch and their aunt's stolen button boots. *Deus ex machina* takes the form of a benevolent and courtly duke who invites them to his country house and displays a proper appreciation of high tea. If there is any criticism to make, it is that Mr. Graham has written his story with one eye on the adult reader, an objection perhaps anticipated by the intimation that it is intended for "the Youth of all Ages."

There are one or two books for slightly younger children that I must not overlook. By far the best is Eleanor Farjeon's *Jim at the Corner*. Seasoned old salts are habitually inclined to pull the long bow, but the stories that Jim told to a small boy acquaintance are quite outrageous. Best of all, perhaps, is the one about the 'Orrible Storm at Sea. A believer in the well-approved practice of pouring oil on troubled waters, Jim subdued the raging sea by the simple process of throwing the contents of a bottle of salad oil in the face of each advancing wave. Another readable story is *Bibi Goes Travelling*, by Karin Michaelis. Bibi, a little Danish girl, was introduced to English readers last year, and the present volume relates her travels through Europe, told in a series of letters to her father. *The Dull House*, by Kit Higson, is also likely to please, but my own

enjoyment of it was spoilt by the over-whimsical speech affected by the small heroine. "A dear truthful aunt" told the puppy. 'Such a lovely house come to.' "That dear frog when he comes to see me," and so on.

Of animal stories I think most children would like *The Lion's Roar*, by Cheryl Kearton, and *Beasts Royal*, by Patricia Russ, not to mention *Harum Scarum*, by Sarah Bowes-Lyon (that young authoress who charmed the public last year with her very competent treatise on riding). Her present story of a pony is perhaps rather reminiscent of *Black Beauty*, but the author's own illustrations are delightful. I particularly liked the Arab on horseback with a face as black as his hair.

Finally, I must mention *Through Space and Time*, by Sir James Jeans. This is by far the best book for intelligent children on the marvels of the Universe that I have read.

M. MACKEAN.

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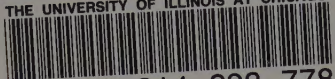
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